

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE RICH WOMAN.

Hay in the haggard and cows in the
byre,

A turf stack is filled with its store for
the fire.

What way am I wanting my heart's
deep desire?

Linen new woven and meal in the
chest,

A cloak of red frieze that I bought in
the west,—

But sorra a babe I can rock on my
breast.

Money laid by and a parcel of land,
A boat in the harbor, the house where
I stand,—

But God! for a child that would clutch
at my hand.

Milk and fresh butter and flour to
spare,

The chuckens, the goats, an' the tur-
keys to rare,

But never a little wee child I can care.

The beggar goes by, a babe in her
shawl,

A wee one streels after and runs. at
her call.

'Tis I am the beggar, and *she* that has
all.

God send me a child with the sorrow
and pain,

Let him waken the quiet and squander
the gain,

For I'm counting my riches and plenty
in vain.

A child that will know to spoil and to
tear,

What matter the trouble and moldher
and care,

So I'm hearing the fall of his feet on
the stair.

A beggar I am—shall I not be blessed
With a baby come home that 'will
sleep on my breast?

Let me be a mother, O Christ, with
the rest!

W. M. Letts.

The Spectator.

"THE WELLS OF PEACE."

(*Fiona Macleod.*)

Far from the shore I hear the water
falling,

The water from the hidden wells of
Peace:

Far from the shore where men pursue
their calling,

And work, and laugh, and talk, and
will not cease.

Deep in the heart whereon God lays
His Shadow—

The shadow that His loneliness has
made—

Deep in the heart where dwells the
Lonely Sorrow

The seven wells lie hidden in the
shade.

Five ye may find before your journey's
over,

The journey that but ends with set-
ting sun:

Five ye may find; and yet one more
discover

What time your life upon the Earth
is done.

Then by the road that leads from dark
Endurance,

—The dark Endurance that your love
has willed,—

By that long road, through deepening
assurance,

Your soul shall reach the well of
Love-Fulfilled.

Muriel G. E. Harris.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE OWL.

The boding Owl, that in despair

Doth moan and shiver on warm
nights—

Shall that bird prophecy for me

The fall of Heaven's eternal lights?

When in the thistled field of Age

I take my final walk on earth

Still will I make that Owl's despair

A thing to fill my heart with mirth.

W. H. Davies.

THE REAL ISSUE IN IRELAND.

With the introduction of the third Home Rule Bill, it is important to state succinctly the nature and the consequences of the revolution which has taken place in the conditions of the Irish problem during the past eighteen years, and to present in clear terms the choice which now lies before the two parties to this age-long conflict.

Fundamentally the issue remains the same, to govern Ireland by consent, or to govern her against the consent of the great majority of her inhabitants. The time-worn arguments for the latter course still poison the air; arguments drawn from fear, contempt, selfishness, racial prejudice, pessimism, and used from time immemorial, in spite of every successive proof of their falsity, just as freely and sincerely in the British Empire as in other parts of the world, for the justification of tyranny. The *Quarterly Review*, for example, faithful to the traditions which caused it in 1839 to describe the great Durham Report—the charter of the self-governing Colonies—as “rank and infectious” in 1912 still pours out a stream of insult and pessimism upon Ireland in her efforts to obtain the responsible government which proved the salvation of a stagnant and rebellious Canada. The counter-plea for freedom, as a universally proved source of loyalty, harmony, and progress slowly works to counteract the poison. But in the case of Ireland, as modern facts reveal the present problem, the terms of this ancient debate are becoming almost grotesquely antiquated, irrelevant, and sterile.

The illumination comes from finance, and dates from 1896, when the Report of the Royal Commission upon Financial Relations was published, and when the annual Treasury Returns, upon which it was largely based, received

public attention. The Commissioners were almost unanimous upon the main conclusion, which was, that Ireland, a very poor agricultural country, and Great Britain, a very rich industrial country, were not fit subjects for the same fiscal system. They made no unanimous recommendation, but two distinct remedies were foreshadowed by individual Commissioners. One was to give Ireland a financial autonomy of her own, with full control both over expenditure, which in Ireland was very wasteful and extravagant, and over revenue; the other was to compensate Ireland for unjust and unsuitable taxation by spending more public money on her. The former remedy was refused; the latter, a fallacious and vicious palliative, was adopted, with all the more willingness, in that it fitted in with the mood of the Unionist statesmen who were responsible for Ireland for twenty years from 1886, with one short interval, and assisted the change of policy from determined, almost frenzied, opposition to the most elementary reforms in Ireland, whether religious or economic, at whatever cost to Ireland in the brutalization, expatriation, and impoverishment of her people, to a policy of spontaneous paternalism.

Paternalism from without, coupled with the deliberate extinction of a sense of national responsibility within, is always, and in every country, a system which combines the maximum of cost with the minimum of efficiency.

The upshot to-day is that the expenditure upon Ireland exceeds the revenue derived from her by 2,000,000*l.* At the time of the earlier Home Rule Bills the position was reversed. Ireland then made a net contribution of about 2,000,000*l.*, over and above her local State expenditure, to the Army, Navy,

and other Imperial services. Now, so far from contributing, she receives what is virtually an annual subsidy of the same amount. This subsidy came into being in 1909 after the grant of old-age pensions. And its amount is steadily rising.

Ireland, regarded as a separate entity, is an insolvent burden upon the taxpayers of Great Britain. This is the outstanding fact behind the modern Home Rule issue. From the Irish point of view the Union, as a financial proposition, pays. From the British point of view it is a dead loss, and an increasing loss. The question for Ireland becomes, in a far more clear and urgent sense than before, one of self-respect and self-reliance. The question for Great Britain, moral obligation apart, is summed up in the words: "Is the Union worth the price?"

The phenomena before us are perfectly normal, the motives behind them as old as the human race itself. There are only two ways of conducting government against the consent of the governed—namely, by pure force, or force and corruption combined. This was a commonplace with the British political philosophers of the eighteenth century, who applied it to the unreformed Constitution of their own country. The maxim was elevated into a perfect system, and openly justified as such, in the case of eighteenth-century Ireland, and it still holds good, though the application is more subtle and more plausible, in modern Ireland.

Time, the growing political strength of nationalism, the waning strength of the landed and religious ascendancy, and the growth of ordinary fairness in public life, have contributed greatly to mitigate that form of indirect persuasion which consists in making official and legal posts the monopoly of the ascendant class or creed. The grievance still exists in Ireland, but it is no longer what it was. A danger more serious

and widespread, while more insidious, threatens her. It is reflected in eloquent figures in the annual Treasury Returns and in the growing deficit to which I have already referred. Twelve millions go into Ireland in the shape of local expenditure, only 10,000,000*l.* come out of her in the shape of local revenue. Even a cursory analysis of Irish expenditure shows very clearly what is taking place. Irishmen, from the highest to the humblest, but above all the humblest and poorest of both creeds and races, are, in a purely financial sense, directly interested in the maintenance and increase of this bribe. The expenditure falls into two broad categories. The first comprises old-age pensions, which account for no less than 2,600,000*l.*, more than a fifth of the total. Any serious economist must pronounce half the old-age pensions, which are given on the high scale designed for wealthy and industrial Great Britain, as charity, when distributed among a population where agricultural wages average 11*s.* a week, or 7*s.* or 8*s.* less than in England and Scotland respectively. All the rest of the expenditure passes to or through the separate quasi-colonial bureaucracy of Ireland—the swollen police force, the crowd of irresponsible boards, the hosts of officials. There is no healthy check either upon the numerical size of the bureaucracy or upon its remuneration, and all classes are tempted to join in a conspiracy to keep both unnaturally high. Productive work is penalized. The police, for example, are largely drawn from the agricultural population, and receive pay from the very start which is double what an agricultural laborer can hope to attain to in his whole life. It is a commonplace that the force is twice as numerous and costly as in Great Britain, where crime is relatively greater. But consider the economic and social forces which, under the present system,

militate against reduction. The mis-
chief pervades every branch of admin-
istration. It pervades even a valua-
ble service like the Department of Ag-
riculture, even those clinical institu-
tions, the Congested Districts Board
and the Land and Estates Commissions,
which were tardily set up to treat forms
of social and economic disease engen-
dered by ages of misgovernment, and
which account, all told, for a million
pounds in the expenditure side of the
balance-sheet. Every farthing in this
balance-sheet is suspect as long as Ire-
land herself is not responsible for the
expenditure and for raising the requi-
site money.

That her own representatives, not
only Unionist but Nationalist, have
been active participants in the policy
which has reduced her to the abject
state of dependence she now occupies,
reflects no discredit on them. It is
only one more example of the effects of
that immemorial statecraft which
makes a conquered country the instru-
ment of its own degradation. For
forty years, since Isaac Butt, they have
demanded the Home Rule which would
have given their country free will, self-
respect, and an honorable place in the
Imperial partnership. The claim has
been refused. They have had to work
the Union for what it was worth. The
condition of their people was wretched,
and they snatched at any means of al-
leviating it. The one criticism they
justly incur is that they have not un-
ceasingly warned and instructed their
people as to what was going on, and
kept burning brightly before their eyes
the light of ultimate self-reliance, what-
ever the sacrifices involved.

For Ireland and Great Britain three
courses are open: (1) to maintain the
Union with all its existing conse-
quences, (2) to adopt a limited form of
Home Rule which will perpetuate Ire-
land's dependency on Great Britain,
and (3) to give Ireland full fiscal auton-

omy, with a minimum of strictly tem-
porary assistance corresponding to the
actually existing financial deficit; in
other words, to throw on Ireland the
responsibility of wiping out that deficit,
balancing her revenue and expendi-
ture, and resuming her interrupted con-
tributions to the Empire.

Let us take the plans in turn.

THE MAINTENANCE OF THE UNION.

The principal reasons given for this
course are four:

- (1) The opposition of North-East Ul-
ster.
- (2) British fears of a hostile and dis-
loyal Ireland.
- (3) "Ireland does not want Home
Rule."
- (4) Ireland's "prosperity," said to be
attributable to the Union, and espe-
cially to Unionist policy.

No. (1)—the most important of all—
I shall leave to the end of this article,
where it will be more appropriate.

(2) Of all emotions to which the hu-
man heart is subject the fear in a big,
rich, and powerful nation of a small,
poor, and helpless country, which she
has bullied and beggared, is the most
despicable. If it is a natural instinct
to expect from a victim of tyranny an
attempt at revengeful reprisals, let us
at least in common decency not fear the
victim. But in truth, as I said above,
those fears are becoming as ludicrous
as they are baseless. It is no longer a
question of the "safety" of giving Ire-
land Home Rule, it is rather a question
of the heavy cost to England of refus-
ing Home Rule and of the immediate
sacrifice to Ireland involved in assum-
ing the widest form of fiscal autonomy.

(3) "Ireland does not want Home
Rule." Mr. Ian Malcolm, in an arti-
cle in the February number of this *Re-
view*,¹ asserts his opinion that Ireland,
in spite of the verdict of eight succes-
sive general elections, does not want

¹ "Justice to Ireland," *Nineteenth Century
and After*, February 1912.

Home Rule. The sums subscribed to the National Fund are not large enough to satisfy him. Our first thought is that it is waste of time to argue this point with Mr. Malcolm, because whatever the height of the National Fund, he and his party would not be converted to Home Rule. How, unless by voting, is Ireland to express her want? There is no way but a renewal of the unconstitutional action forced upon her in the past. Once more she is to be taught the terrible lesson that violence is the only road to reform. The writer in the January number of the *Quarterly Review* actually indicates to her a new Plan of Campaign, when he prophesies, in his genial way, that after Home Rule she will repudiate the annuities on purchased land, which are now paid willingly, punctually, and honestly to the last farthing. But if the 350,000 annuitants determined to repudiate now, they could do so. If Mr. Malcolm really doubts the desire for Home Rule, why does he not stand for election in a Nationalist constituency, and use the same arguments as he gives to the readers of this *Review*, strangely mingling the new note of sympathetic flattery of the Irish people as a peaceful, prosperous, contented folk, sick of Home Rule, with the old conventional insinuations of intolerance, disloyalty, and dishonesty? No doubt the demand for Home Rule has not the passionate vehemence it had when hunger and misery were behind it. No doubt some of the financial boons arising from the Union act to a certain extent as narcotics. But underneath there is a deep irresistible current of pride and honorable sentiment which Mr. Malcolm would understand when his arguments drew it forth.

(4) I pass to the argument, in common use now, that Ireland ought not to be given Home Rule owing to her present and growing "prosperity," which is represented as being the di-

rect result of Conservative policy. Here again it may be objected that it is idle to deal with the argument: in the first place, because it does not touch the plea for government by consent; in the second place, because to disprove it would only lead to the inference from Unionists that Home Rule was still more impossible; in the third place, because it is as old as the Repeal Debate of 1834 and has survived famines, wholesale emigration, and every phase of social anarchy and economic misery.

Nevertheless, we are here in the presence of a contention, which at the present day wears a more plausible aspect than before, and which, in fact, apart from the Ulster difficulty, forms the whole of the reasonable case for the Union as put forward by writers like Mr. L. S. Amery for the *Morning Post*, and the anonymous author of a recent series of articles in the *Times*; in short, by thinking men who realize that the old case against Ireland is dead, and who feel bound, not only to justify the Union, but to put forward some positive alternative policy to Home Rule.

Let us agree at once with thankfulness that Ireland is more prosperous, though the prosperity, as I shall show, is somewhat deceptive. Her condition could hardly have become worse. She is advancing, though very slowly, on the up-grade. If it were not so, an indelible stain of infamy would rest upon Great Britain, which maintains responsibility for Ireland. There is little cause for self-congratulation over the "unexampled generosity" of Great Britain, and to do the writers just mentioned full justice they do not take this extreme and Pharisaical line. But they do ascribe too high merit and too much success to distinctively Unionist policy. In point of fact, since the passing of the cardinal reforms in the matter of religion and land, neither party has any advantage over the other,

though the Tories, by the rise and fall of the party balance, have had a much longer spell of office in which to carry out a policy. Their greatest work is held rightly to have been Mr. Wyndham's Land Purchase Act of 1903, and out of this truth a legend has arisen that purchase was a distinctively Conservative policy. The fact is, that it was John Bright's policy, and that purchase clauses were inserted in the three Liberal Acts of 1869, 1870, and 1881. In 1885 came the first Tory Purchase Act—Lord Ashbourne's—and in 1886, in conjunction with his first Home Rule Bill, Mr. Gladstone proposed a vast scheme for the universal transference of land from landlord to tenant at twenty years' purchase; a scheme which, whatever its minor defects—and all schemes at this period had their minor defects—would have had the great advantage not possessed by Mr. Wyndham's Act, passed seventeen years later, of a long period of cheap public credit. The scheme was contemptuously rejected. In 1891 and 1896 extensions of the Ashbourne Act were passed; but it is common knowledge that the impetus for the Wyndham Act of 1903 came from within both parties in Ireland itself, and originated in the Land Conference of Home Rulers and Unionist Landlords. Nor, it is equally well known, could it ever have been passed without the huge bonus of twelve millions, charged on the general taxpayers, to selling landlords.

But these, after all, are minor points. The dominant fact is that without the abolition of cottier tenancy and the substitution of the Ulster Custom and judicial rents by Gladstone's Land Acts of 1870 and 1881 and by subsequent amending Acts; no constructive reforms would have been possible. These Acts struck at the root of the most vicious and demoralizing social system which has ever disgraced a country styled "civilized," and laid the founda-

tion of a new order. Mr. Wyndham would be the first to admit that his scheme would have been impossible under the old system. Indeed, he founded sales upon the basis of reductions upon second-term judicial rents. Sir Horace Plunkett would be the first to admit that his valuable non-party co-operative movement initiated in 1891, like the non-party conference of Irishmen which he organized in 1895-96 to promote the Irish Department of Agriculture, and, like many other movements for regeneration within Ireland, would have been equally impossible under the old conditions. The policy of abolishing these conditions was a Liberal policy; but the main impetus came, alas! from crime in Ireland, provoked by intolerable suffering.

It seems a pity that men like Mr. Amery, Mr. Locker-Lampson, and the writer in the *Times* already mentioned, who frankly admit them, do not appreciate their full significance in the struggle for Home Rule, or realize how deeply they are burned into the consciousness of Irishmen and how immovable is the belief which springs from them, and from still worse experiences in earlier history, that England is incapable of ruling Ireland well. Mr. Amery should remember that what he writes about the "vicious agrarian tenure" and the blessings of its abolition could never have come from a Unionist pen at the period of the former Home Rule Bills, because the whole case against Home Rule was based on the supposed criminality and depravity of Ireland in fighting for the very reforms which he admits to have been of the most elementary necessity.

The same writer and others also exaggerate the effect of Free Trade upon Ireland. Free Trade is not a serious element in the discussion of Irish prosperity. The cataclysm caused by the Great Famine, with all its appalling consequences, came at the climax of a

period of high protection for agriculture. Free Trade was, in fact, hurried on by the shadow of the famine. Three-quarters of a million souls perished because the *potato crop* failed. In other words, the peasants had been living on the margin of starvation from agrarian causes perfectly well known, dating direct from the confiscations and the Penal Code, operating all through the eighteenth century, even through Grattan's Parliament, and repeatedly during the nineteenth century made the subject of inquiry and hopeless efforts for reform. Reform was not even initiated until 1870, not thoroughly undertaken until 1881, and is not nearly completed yet. Land purchase, beneficent though it is, cannot do more than mitigate the ravages of the past. It leaves the distribution of land untouched, and the congested districts still congested. Nor does it matter a pin to an Ireland anxious for Home Rule whether or no Free Trade ruined her. She answers that however ruin came, it came from England, and she can point to the patent fact that the uniform Free Trade tariff, if it hurt her, brought immense wealth and prosperity to England; only one further proof of the incompatibility of Ireland and Great Britain as partners in the same fiscal system.

We come back, then, to the point at which we started. No country can truly be said to be prosperous which does not pay for its own government, especially when the government is conducted and paid for in the manner I have described. Seeking for the constituent elements in the more prosperous life of Ireland, we are forced to recognize that some are illusory. The known reduction of rents in the Land Courts by 2,000,000*l.* since 1881, and the further reductions outside the Courts and under recent Purchase Acts, represent an enormous economic relief, especially as a large part of Irish rent

has been a sheer drain of the country's wealth to absentees. But this relief is not the same thing as normal productive growth, though it indirectly encourages productive growth, especially when accompanied by the moral stimulus which peasant ownership implants in the farmer. Still more illusory is the benefit conferred by the vast increase of public expenditure in Ireland. In 1881 public expenditure was, roughly 4,000,000*l.*, in 1891 5,000,000*l.*, in 1901 7,000,000*l.*, and at the end of the present year it will be 12,000,000*l.*, a total advance of 8,000,000*l.* The annual revenue abstracted in the same period has risen by barely 3,000,000*l.* If all the expenditure were necessary or productive the case would be different, but it is not. A large part is anti-productive, enervating. When we realize that, in addition to the relief, direct and indirect, caused by rent reduction, a net sum of 5,000,000*l.* more public money is spent in a year in Ireland than in 1880, we begin to understand that figures of increased trade and bank deposits are not altogether reliable indices of increased prosperity. Old-age pensions alone, accounting for 2,600,000*l.*, tend to swell both accounts in an obviously artificial way. Meanwhile a great source of true prosperity, a sound elementary education, and many others, are neglected, and the greatest source of all, national self-reliance, is steadily weakened.

A comparison between Ireland and Great Britain gives a truer insight into the real forces at work. The economic disparity between the partners is enormous, and is still widening. Population still falls in Ireland. Her national wealth and income *per capita* are less than half Great Britain's. Agricultural wages are 11*s.* 3*d.*, as compared with 18*s.* 4*d.* for England and 19*l.* 7*s.* for Scotland. The average gross annual receipts per mile of the principal railways are in Ireland 1550*l.*, in England

and Wales 65861., in Scotland 34147. In the vital matter of land, between a third and a half of the 650,000 Irish agricultural holdings are so small as to be classed officially as "uneconomic." The habits and tastes of the peoples are still different, their standard of living different, just as the very laws under which they live vary widely. Finally, the most approved and reliable tests of relative taxable capacity, as adopted by the Royal Commission in 1894-95, when remedial policy was well under way and rents had fallen 20 per cent., were net assessment to income-tax and net assessment to death duties. By these tests, applied and corrected in precisely the same way, Ireland's taxable capacity, expressed as a fraction of Great Britain's, has sunk from the one twentieth at which they fixed it to about one twenty-seventh.

With all the exaggerated estimates of prosperity in Ireland, only one serious attempt has been made, I believe, to contest the fact that the economic disparity between Ireland and Great Britain is steadily widening. The exception is Mr. Edgar Crammond, who, in articles in this *Review* for October 1911 and March 1912, unfolds the startling theory that Ireland is growing in prosperity at a far greater rate than England and Scotland. He appears to be positively panic-stricken by this discovery, and vehemently urges the immediate necessity of amending the Act of Union, not for purposes of Home Rule, but for reducing the Irish representation in the House of Commons from 103 to 46, with a view to damming the tide of "unparalleled generosity" which the exorbitant Irish representation elicits, or extorts. One would have thought, in view of Ireland's "marvellous" progress and the inherent difficulties of violating, without annulling, the contract made in the Act of Union, that Home Rule would be the better plan; but to Mr. Crammond Home Rule

is as unthinkable as the existing method of administering the Union. He sees Ireland in two lights at the same moment, as advancing economically by giant strides and as irrevocably and eternally a pauper bankrupt.

Mr. Crammond writes both as an expert statistician and as a political thinker. It is hard to decide which are the most extraordinary, his statistics, as they relate to Ireland, or his estimate of the moral forces behind and against Home Rule. He is unable to conceive of the idea that a self-respecting nation may prefer self-reliance to the receipt of alms, and he is equally unconscious, not merely of the tactical difficulties, but of the meanness—to use no other term—of using the depletion in Irish population—a depletion actually caused by the economic abuses which the Union countenanced—as a reason for strengthening the grip of Great Britain over Ireland by reducing her representation. He sees nothing wrong in the under-representation of Ireland from the Union to 1870, when the cardinal Irish abuses were left unredressed; but he regards her over-representation now as a scandal and peril of Imperial importance.

As for Mr. Crammond's Anglo-Irish statistics, it is to be hoped that some one with space at his command will deal with them in detail. I can only give two glaring instances of error in the shape of the two reasons he adduces for regarding Ireland's growth of prosperity as far more rapid in recent years than that of Great Britain.

(1) Mr. Crammond quotes from the Report (1910-11) of the Inland Revenue Commissioners to the effect that the increase in the gross assessments to income-tax under Schedule D during the decade 1901-10 was 30.4 per cent. in the case of Ireland (3,845,0211.), and only 20.2 per cent. and 13.9 per cent. in the case of England and Scotland respectively. "These figures," comments

Mr. Crammond, "show pretty clearly that during the period named Ireland has progressed at a far more rapid rate than either of her partners"²—a statement which was quoted with approval by the *Times* in a leading article a few days later.

Turning to the Report itself, we find immediately beneath the table referred to a paragraph in large type, which Mr. Crammond overlooks, saying that the Irish increase is illusory as regards the total assessment to income-tax. It includes annuities (in lieu of rent) on purchased land, transferred in the accounts of the Commissioners since 1906-07 to Schedule D from Schedule A. A corresponding amount has been written off from Schedule A.

(2) "The Irish Trade Returns," says Mr. Crammond, "also establish the fact that the external trade of Ireland has, in recent years at least, increased twice as rapidly as that of the United Kingdom."³ How he makes good this proposition it is impossible to comprehend, but the facts are as follows: There are no returns of Irish external trade from 1826 to 1904, so for comparison we have to take the years 1904-10, which show a total increase in the external trade of the United Kingdom of 30 per cent. (922,000,000*l.* to 1,212,000,000*l.*), and of Ireland, not of 60 per cent., as Mr. Crammond suggests, but of 26 per cent. (104,000,000*l.* to 131,000,000*l.*). For the rest, it ought to be needless to point out the danger and difficulty of these comparisons of "external Irish trade" (88 per cent. of which is cross-Channel trade with Great Britain, and only 12 per cent. *direct* foreign trade) with the total statistics of the genuinely foreign trade of the United Kingdom or Great Britain, whose domestic or internal trade is unknown. Mr. Crammond falls into the strangest errors in doing so. It should also be needless to point

out the worthlessness of the figures of external trade per head of the population as a statistical test of relative wealth and taxable capacity; purposes to which Mr. Crammond puts them. According to this standard, Ireland is not only richer than Great Britain, but one of the richest countries in the world.

His statistical blunders apart, Mr. Crammond's view of future policy toward Ireland finds no echo in responsible Unionist quarters. So far from regarding that country as a formidable though an over-pampered competitor with Great Britain, the policy appears to be to lavish additional expenditure on her; expenditure on drainage schemes, Atlantic services, Channel ferries, huge inducements to landlords to sell their land, and on benefits to be bestowed by mysterious manipulations of a Protectionist tariff. Every concrete Unionist scheme hitherto published has this feature of additional sops and doles. Something vague is said about a "profitable investment" of British money. We cannot take such pretexts seriously. The real significance of these schemes is that Ireland, on a more dazzling scale than ever, is to be bribed to abandon Home Rule and sell the last chance of saving her independence of character. What the subsidy to Ireland will amount to when these schemes are under way defies imagination—four, five, six, seven millions are quite reasonable figures.

Is it worth while to go on piling up these obstacles to a measure which some day or other is inevitable? Great Britain will throw up the task of pauperization with weariness and disgust. Ireland will not abandon Home Rule. It is with her a primitive, inextinguishable instinct and a right and healthy instinct. As long as it is suppressed, we shall have the same old miserable friction and dislocation, as disastrous to the Conservative party as it is to

² "Nineteenth Century," March 1912, p. 423.

³ "Ibid." October 1911, p. 605.

Great Britain and Ireland, quenching wholesome political development in that unhappy country, fomenting dissension, choking regenerative movements from within, delaying reform in a score of important directions—education, poor-law, the conduct of the congested districts, temperance, land, labor—which now are wholly neglected.

LIMITED HOME RULE.

The economic divergences between the two islands, together with the stringent necessity on all grounds of co-ordinating revenue and expenditure in Ireland, seem to be fatal to any scheme which does not give Ireland control of her Customs and Excise, which together account for 70 per cent. of her tax revenue. Indeed their retention in Imperial hands would logically lead to the retention of all Imperial taxation and the abandonment of the last hope of restoring a financial equilibrium in Ireland. Such an equilibrium Lord MacDonnell's scheme, for example, does not pretend to contemplate. Like the Unionists, he contemplates not only a large permanent subsidy, but large additional expenditure on Ireland without reference to her revenue; and on tactical grounds only it is this close approximation to Unionist policy which makes his scheme so little likely to command general acceptance. It seems necessarily to involve the denial of Irish control over important departments such as the police, old-age pensions, and Land Commission, and whittles away to very small dimensions what we know as "responsible government."

As for the "Federal" proposals made by some Liberals, the designation is misleading if not meaningless. Even if the constitutional conditions of federalism existed, and they do not, no insolvent country has ever been admitted to a federation, while federal finance would inevitably stereotype Ire-

land's insolvency. A period of fiscal autonomy is surely an essential condition precedent to Ireland's introduction on the ordinary terms to a Federation of the British Isles. The delay need not check or hinder in any way a British Federation of Scotland, England, and Wales if such an ideal be desired. It is simply a precaution founded on business principles and common sense.

IRISH FISCAL AUTONOMY.

A scheme which throws on Ireland complete responsibility for all her own expenditure and taxation is the only one which genuinely fulfils all the required conditions. On her part this is not a greedy or aggressive claim. It is a business necessity, involving initial hardship, for an end of transcendent importance. Even so the initial deficit must be filled. Let there be an initial subsidy, diminishing, and terminable within a stated period. There can be no objection to such a course, the express object of which is to save Great Britain money and give Ireland self-respect.

Finally, fiscal autonomy solves in the natural way the thorny and otherwise insoluble question of representation at Westminster; for no representation is needed or desirable, unless—for such a compromise is quite feasible—it is purely symbolic and numerically trivial. I myself venture to think that Conference on Imperial matters, as with the Colonies, would be better than any representation, and is surely not "separation," for it is daily drawing closer together the Colonies and the Home Country.

Whether or no we call the scheme "colonial" Home Rule, does not matter. It is not colonial in the sense of giving Ireland any independent control over armaments, which she does not need, does not want, and could never afford. It is colonial in giving her what has proved the salvation of the

self-governing Colonies. Her proximity and identity of commercial interest are the crowning reasons for confidence that her new rights will draw her closer to Great Britain, just as countries even in the Antipodes are being drawn closer.

ULSTER.

When Ulster Unionists have uttered the last word of angry and passionate repudiation of Home Rule, it is pertinent to ask them what is their sober view of the future? Nobody doubts their intense sincerity; but have they thought out this matter? Virtually, Ireland is now governed as a dependent Crown Colony. They themselves constantly styled themselves a "garrison," and so tacitly accept the status usually only claimed by a privileged white minority in a colored dependency of the Crown. Very well. But where is this view leading them? Crown Colonies are at least solvent fiscal entities. The Union has reduced Ireland to pauperism, and Ulstermen cannot escape the responsibility. High and low, they share in the questionable profits derived from the Union, and stand to gain from the golden promises of the future. At this moment their English friends are destroying the case for the exceptional prosperity of Ulster, and the arguments hanging upon it, by proclaiming the "bounding" prosperity of the rest of Ireland. Whatever the truth of that view, how do Ulstermen regard the counter-proposals of English Unionists for the benefit of Ireland under the Union? Are they content to see Ireland plunged deeper and deeper into insolvency, costing more and more to maintain, receding further and further from the point at which she still contributed something to the Army and Navy? They are bound to consider—I say it in no spirit of sarcasm, but in sober appeal—what their loyalty to the Union is costing Great

Britain in hard cash, and is going in the future to cost. What is the moral cost to their own country—Ireland? They are Irishmen first, and Unionists next: every Ulsterman admits that. They have honestly believed that the Union is best for Ireland as a whole. Is it too much to ask them to sound the foundations of that belief in the light of the modern finance and the revelations it suggests? I believe that if they did, a revulsion of feeling would ensue, and the conviction would gain ground that after all it was worth while to trust their Catholic fellow-countrymen to work with their Protestant brethren for the common good of Ireland.

What is the fundamental intention and significance of the Union? This, that Great Britain governs Ireland through the dissensions of Irishmen. That is what her Government meant, avowedly, in the eighteenth century, and Ulstermen knew it well, and to their cost. That is what it means still, It is a shameful thing for Ireland. Ulster may seem to be dragging English Unionism behind her now. It is not so. If English statesmen could be induced to abandon the secular craving for undue domination, Irishmen would unite, like Englishmen and Frenchmen in Canada, and Englishmen and Dutchmen in South Africa, to make their countries prosperous, progressive, and loyal. Why should not Ulstermen anticipate the complete conversion of Great Britain, which is bound to come if the present system continues? Why should they not anticipate what is equally certain to come, if a Protectionist Government attains power in Great Britain, a general revolt in Ireland against a uniform tariff designed for British conditions, and therefore, like all uniform tariffs in the past, certain to hurt Ireland?

Ulster Unionists have never done

justice to their fellow-countrymen. They know that their own linen industry was the solitary privileged exception to the destruction of Irish industries. They know that for more than a century they possessed a privileged racial ascendancy based on religion, and they know, too, that even so their own ancestors had to wage the same demoralizing social war of crime and secret conspiracy to obtain the Ulster Custom of land tenure, which placed them outside the agonies endured by their Catholic compatriots during the nineteenth century. They joined in at the last to reap the culminating benefits of the land reforms won by others. They should not join in the cheap and heartless hue and cry against the majority

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of Irishmen for the violence used in obtaining those reforms, and in the traditional defamation which survives from it.

What, in explicit terms, do they really fear? Not a Catholic tyranny corresponding to the extinct Protestant tyranny. How could it be enforced? What sensible layman would ever dream of inflicting it? Not an economic tyranny: the thing would be literally impossible and inherently senseless. What do they fear? Let them give precision to their doubts and then set them squarely and fairly against the consequences of the Union, and make a manly choice worthy of their character as loyal citizens of Ireland, Great Britain, and the Empire.

Erskine Childers.

THE NEW NAVAL CRISIS AND THE OVERSEA DOMINIONS.

It is now known beyond doubt that there is to be a further expansion of the German Navy, and this renewal of competition is already reacting upon neighboring Powers. Thus the silent bloodless warfare is becoming more intense and the strain is increasing upon British taxpayers.

We had a naval crisis three years ago. The immediate difficulties of the situation were surmounted at an added cost to the people of the United Kingdom of nearly thirty-six millions sterling.¹

We are now within sight of another crisis, far more grave in its character. The new situation is one of peril to the whole Empire, but the burden will fall on the United Kingdom. On the one hand we have this admittedly heavy and increasing naval expenditure borne

by the people of the United Kingdom for all the British peoples, and upon the other we have the admission by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that "there are millions of men, women, and children in the United Kingdom who through no fault of their own go through their life sodden in poverty, wretchedness, and despair." This is the situation in the mother country on the eve of the renewed challenge to our naval supremacy which has come from Germany, and which is already producing its inevitable effect upon the ship-building proposals of other nations. France, Russia, Italy, Austria, Spain, Turkey, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden and Norway—each is embarking upon fresh and costly naval schemes. Of this renewed activity the taxpayers of the United Kingdom will feel the cumulative effect. In face of the new peril—a very real peril—what will the oversea dominions do?

¹ Compared with the expenditure of 1908-9, there was a rise of £3,552,206 in 1909-10, of £8,238,027 in 1910-11, of £12,211,191 in 1911-12, and of £11,904,091 in 1912-13.

As Lord Rosebery remarked at the time of the naval crisis of 1909, "We live in the midst of what I think was called by Petrarch a *tacens bellum*, a silent warfare, in which not a drop of blood is shed in anger, but in which the very last drop is extracted from the body by the lancets of European statesmen." These words represented the conditions which existed three years ago, but they are more true in the new situation created by Germany's further naval expansion. Lord Rosebery added in his address to the oversea delegates to the Imperial Press Conference:—

We can and we will build Dreadnoughts, or whatever the newest type of ship may be, as long as we have a shilling to spend on them, or a man to put into them. All that we can and will do; but I am not sure even that will be enough, and I think it may be your duty to take back to your young dominions across the seas this message and this impression, that some personal duty and responsibility for national defence rests on every man and citizen of the Empire.

New Zealand and Australia came forward at the last naval crisis with spontaneous offers of help; under a Government whose Imperialism was restrained by a narrow nationalism, Canada held aloof, and the South African Union did not then exist. A new Government has been returned to power in the great Dominion across the Atlantic—a Government which, above all things, is pledged to cement the bonds of Empire; and the distinct and separate colonies of South Africa have been welded into a great confederation enjoying to the full those self-governing powers which are the glory and the strength, as well as the possible weakness, of the British Imperial system. Will the new challenge to British supremacy meet with no response either in Canada or South Africa, when it is understood that, grave as were the

conditions which were foreseen in 1909, those conditions are now destined to become far more grave? If those two self-governing colonies realize the danger which threatens them no less than the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, there is no reason to doubt that, when they are willing to help, the Admiralty will be willing to make smooth the way for that help to be given in the most economical and effective manner without undermining those autonomous powers in which they take a natural pride. Mr. Winston Churchill is not a First Lord who will fear to speak the truth if the truth is wanted.

The principles upon which the maritime interests of a maritime Empire must be defended are fixed and permanent; the conditions change, but the underlying principles never change. The views which the Admiralty expressed at the Conference with the self-governing dominions in 1909 we may be sure are the opinions which the present Board of Admiralty hold no less strongly. It was then laid down—

If the problem of Imperial naval defence were considered merely as a problem of naval strategy it would be found that the greatest output of strength for a given expenditure is obtained by the maintenance of a single navy with the concomitant unity of training and unity of command. In furtherance, then, of the simple strategical ideal the maximum of power would be gained if all parts of the Empire contributed according to their needs and resources to the maintenance of the British Navy.

In enunciating this principle, which is merely an elaboration of the axiom that union is strength, the Admiralty stated a proposition the truth of which no one, certainly no naval officer, would attempt to controvert. But at the same time the Admiralty exhibited the timidity which the Imperial Government has almost always shown in its dealings with the oversea dominions. It

has been the fashion in Downing Street and at the Admiralty and War Office to treat these growing countries as spoilt children to whom the undiluted truth must seldom or never be told. When has the British Government, for instance, suggested to the oversea dominions, enjoying the fullest freedom compatible with Imperial unity, that the greater part of the vast burden of debt, which is now costing the people of the United Kingdom twenty-five millions annually, was incurred in large part in securing those favored lands in which Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, and South Africans live and prosper? When has the British Government ever had the courage to remind these citizens of the Empire overseas of the many years during which their territories were defended by the British Army stationed, at least in part, within their borders, without payment in money or kind for the service rendered? When, again, has a British Government ever reminded these oversea dominions of the heavy expenditure, amounting to upwards of three millions sterling annually, incurred for many years in the upkeep of the extra European squadrons which have patrolled the outer seas and defended their growing ocean-borne wealth in the past?

During the period when these daughter lands were grappling with the problems which face every new community, it would have been ungenerous to remind them of the price at which their freedom had been bought; but now the situation has changed, and the relations between the mother country and these oversea dominions have also changed. The burden of armaments has become almost unbearable to an old country

with a number of social problems calling for costly remedies. These daughter lands have been endowed with the fullest self-governing powers, but while they have been permitted to enjoy all the privileges which the British connection confers, and have been enabled to go about their business on the high seas in the full confidence that the British Fleet is not less their defence than the defence of the people of the British Isles, the latter pay, practically unaided, for the maintenance and defence of the Imperial system.

It has become a tradition in the United Kingdom to conceal the naked truth from these younger sons of the Empire, and even to-day, when the British people are still bearing the burden of Empire with little or no assistance, paying alike for the British Army, the British Navy, the British diplomatic service, the British consular service, and the Crown itself, statesmen of the United Kingdom in their dealings with the statesmen from the oversea dominions treat them as perfectly equal partners in the British Empire, while failing to remind them that they do not to-day, and they never have realized, the responsibilities which partnership involves. Even a junior partner is not permitted to put his hand into the till and take a share of the profits without counting the cost at which those profits have been made.

It is in this spirit of spoon feeding, unfair to the British taxpayer and derogatory to the dignity of self-governing countries, that the Admiralty in 1909 met the representatives of the great oversea nations. There is not a naval officer in the British service who does not realize that a single navy, with the concomitant unity of training and unity of command, is the reasonable and economical and sound principle upon which to defend the united people of a united Empire. Sea power in the mother country is cheap, cheaper

¹ The British troops in South Africa cost £1,152,500 a year, to which the Union Government makes no contribution, while Mauritius (not being a self-governing Dominion) pays £30,000 towards the military charges of £123,000, and other crown Colonies make generous contributions.

by 30 or 40 per cent. than in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa; sea power in the mother country, with its teeming population, is easily created; sea power in the mother country reaches a high standard of efficiency because the sea habit is an inherited instinct.

The Admiralty is a department which must bow before what are regarded as political considerations. It was concluded in 1909 that the self-governing colonies should be still fed with a spoon; their delegates should be *fêted* and made much of; they should be taken into the inner councils of the Empire as equals, but under no consideration should they be told the undiluted truth that the British taxpayer, with a Budget approaching two hundred millions sterling annually (of which seventy-two millions is devoted to defence), is still bearing the white man's burden almost without assistance. The motto of the responsible representatives of the British Fleet at that conference appears to have been this: to be pleasant and tactful whatever might befall; to admit the existence of a naval crisis, but not to press upon the representatives of the self-governing dominions the real solution of the crisis, lest the solution should be unpalatable.

It was in this spirit that the Admiralty, no doubt under superior authority, toned down and whittled away the strategic principle stated so boldly in the paragraph already quoted. They were permitted to speak honestly this once, but there immediately followed reservations and the statement of political considerations which almost entirely robbed their professional advice of its value. The politico-naval "bunkum" was expressed in these words:—

It has, however, long been recognized that in defining the conditions under which the naval forces of the Empire should be developed, other considera-

tions than those of strategy alone must be taken into account. The various circumstances of the oversea dominions have to be borne in mind. Though all have in them the seeds of a great advance in population, wealth and power, they have at the present time attained to different stages in their growth. Their geographical position has subjected them to internal and external strains, varying in kind and intensity. Their history and physical environment have given rise to individual national sentiment, for the expression of which room must be found.

A simple contribution of money or material may be to one Dominion the most acceptable form in which to assist in Imperial defence.

Another, while ready to provide local naval forces, and to place them at the disposal of the Crown in the event of war, may wish to lay the foundations upon which a future Navy of its own could be raised.

A third may think that the best manner in which it can assist in promoting the interests of the Empire is in undertaking certain local services not directly of a naval character, but which may relieve the Imperial Government from expenses which would otherwise fall on the British Exchequer.

It was under these circumstances that the foundations were laid for colonial co-operation for Imperial Naval defence.

Sir Joseph Ward, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, brushed aside these tactful reservations, and announced that this dominion would abide by her patriotic decision of the previous March, and "would supply a Dreadnought for the British Navy as already offered; the ship to be under the control of and stationed wherever the Admiralty considers advisable." Sir Joseph Ward, on behalf of the people of New Zealand, stated in so many words that their attachment to the Empire was not the less because the Empire was in peril, and although they numbered only just over one million—men, women, and children—they at

least were prepared to recognize that so long as they remained under the British flag they should contribute to the only Fleet that could guard that flag from dishonor.

In accordance with the agreement come to by the Admiralty and the New Zealand Government, it was determined that two protected cruisers, three destroyers, and two submarines should be detached from the British Navy in time of peace and stationed in New Zealand waters, in order to provide a measure of defence for purely local interests, and that so far as possible any available colonial officers and men should be drafted into these ships. The New Zealand Government agreed to pay the whole cost of this scheme. In this way New Zealand exhibited her loyalty, and it may now be assumed from recent dispositions of ships on the China station that she has decided to make a further sacrifice on behalf of the Empire. The original intention was that the splendid battle-cruiser *New Zealand* should form a part of the British squadron in China waters, periodically paying visits of ceremony to New Zealand ports. It is now apparently the intention that this ship, when completed, shall make a world tour, in the course of which visits will be paid to the principal New Zealand ports in order that the inhabitants of this dominion—who have set up a standard of patriotism reached by no other daughter land—may have an opportunity of seeing the first man-of-war designed at their behest and built with their money. When these visits of ceremony are over, this Dreadnought will return to Europe, there to form an important link in the chain of defence which protects not less the peoples of the Antipodes than the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. In the history of the world there is no more splendid illustration of devotion to a sound political and strategical ideal than the

people of New Zealand by their words and acts have furnished.

In the case of the Commonwealth of Australia, advantage was taken of the smooth sayings of the Admiralty. They agreed to provide local naval forces and to place them at the disposal of the Crown in the event of war, thus laying the foundations upon which a future Colonial navy could be raised. In the conference with the Admiralty it was arranged that Australia should provide a fleet-unit to consist of a battle-cruiser, three protected cruisers of the Bristol class, six destroyers, and three submarines. It was agreed that these vessels should be manned as far as possible by Australian officers and seamen, and the numbers required to make up the full complement for manning purposes should be lent by the Royal Navy. In other words, Australia determined to create the nucleus of a local navy which in war time should be under the control of the British naval commander-in-chief in Pacific waters. It was calculated that this scheme would cost £750,000 a year—£150,000 of this being due to the higher rates of pay in Australia and the cost of training and subsidiary establishments. In other words, in British currency Australia was to pay £750,000 a year for sea-power which could be bought in Great Britain for £600,000. It was further agreed that this annual cost should eventually be met by the Commonwealth, but that until such time as the oversea Government could take over the whole burden the Imperial authorities should make an annual contribution of £250,000. The Commonwealth Government has not only remained faithful to this agreement, for the thirteen ships will be complete in the course of the present year, but it has announced that it does not intend to ask the Imperial authorities to make any contribution towards the expenditure which this scheme involves. At

the end of this year, or the beginning of next, the fleet-unit will leave for Australian waters, and the Australian Government receives as a free gift the dockyard at Sydney, with all its valuable equipment, upon which the British taxpayers have spent millions sterling.

The Australian people are thus establishing a "baby navy" of their own in close association with the British Fleet. It does not represent as high a form of Imperial endeavor as has commended itself to the people of New Zealand; it contains within it seeds which may bear sour fruit in the future; it can be of no appreciable war value for many years, but it constitutes a relief to the British taxpayer in that he will henceforth be relieved from the cost and responsibility of the local defence of these waters.

The conditions of the Commonwealth were peculiar at the date when this naval agreement was reached, because it was thought that the alliance with Japan might soon come to an end, and therefore there was a feeling of nervousness as to the influence of Japanese policy upon the colonial ideal of a "white continent." The Japanese alliance has since been renewed; the Australian people have no more to fear than the people of New Zealand, and it remains to be seen whether in view of the renewed naval crisis they will be prepared to make the great sacrifice which their neighbors are apparently prepared to make, and will agree that the battle-cruiser *Australia*, instead of being permanently stationed in Australian waters, shall return to Europe, there to strengthen the metropolitan fleets upon which the main defence of the British Empire depends to-day, and will continue to depend so long as the silent war of armaments continues to be waged in European waters. After all, this would be nothing more than a reversion to the original offer which

the people of the Commonwealth made to the heavily burdened people of the United Kingdom in 1909. If they determine upon this effective reply to the renewed challenge to British sea-power, they will have the satisfaction of knowing that the presence of this great and costly ship in European waters will contribute materially to the maintenance of peace, upon which their prosperity and happiness depend.

While New Zealand accepted the undiluted strategic principle enunciated by the Admiralty at the Conference of 1909, and while the Commonwealth of Australia accepted the alternative of a fleet-unit, Canada, under the guidance of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, accepted an alternative which had never entered into the mind of the Admiralty until "the Canadian representatives," to quote the Blue Book (Cd. 49,498), "explained in what respect they desired the advice of the Admiralty." The Admiralty at once stated that "it would be difficult to make any suggestions or to formulate any plans without knowing approximately the sum of money which Canada would spend." The Canadian representatives then suggested that two plans might be presented: one incurring an annual expenditure of £400,000, and the other an expenditure of £600,000, omitting in both cases the cost of the present fishery service and hydrographic surveys, but including the maintenance of Halifax and Esquimalt dockyards—to be free gifts from the mother country—and the wireless telegraph service, estimated at some £50,000 a year. It will thus be seen that from the outset the Canadian representatives had a very modest opinion of the cost which they could incur. New Zealand, with her many pressing internal problems, expressed her willingness to contribute rather more than five shillings per head of her population, the Commonwealth agreed to an expenditure equal to just under three shillings per head, but

Canada, the richest of all the dominions, with an over-flowing treasury, under Sir Wilfrid Laurier's guidance, felt able to commit herself to no more than about 1s. 1½d. per head, in contrast with £1 a head paid by the British taxpayers.

Thus it came about that Canada decided upon a scheme which was recognized from the first as being framed, not to meet the peril of the naval situation, but the political exigencies of the Canadian Government dependent upon a section of the Canadian people, who, while prepared to enjoy all the benefits of the British connection, have always expressed their opposition to bearing any of the burden. The agreement, if such a term can be applied to the understanding with the Admiralty, was embodied in the Naval Service Act which was passed by the Canadian Parliament, in spite of the larger views of the Opposition led by the Hon. R. L. Borden. Under this Act it was proposed to create a local navy consisting of four cruisers of the Bristol type, one of the Boadicea, and six destroyers to be divided—a notable illustration of the influence of political considerations even upon the diluted strategy which commended itself to the Canadian Government—between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. It was announced that if the vessels were constructed in the Dominion, which it was afterwards decided that they should be, the capital cost would be increased by 22 per cent.—a very low estimate.

What intention Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues really had at the time when this Act was passed it is impossible to say, but the fact remains that the Laurier Government went out of office last year without a single keel having been laid.

From the first Mr. Borden, who is now the Prime Minister, sharply criticised the proposals. Reporting upon the debate on the Bill which took place

at Ottawa on January 11th, 1910, *The Times* recorded:—

He dwelt on the advantages to Canada of her relations with the Empire, and twitted Sir Wilfrid Laurier with still holding views in favor of Canadian independence, as shown by his declaration during this Session that the proposed Canadian Navy would go to no war unless the Parliament of Canada chose to send it. Could the rest of the Empire, he asked, be at war with some great naval Power and Canada be at peace? The Premier's declaration, he held, meant the complete severance of every tie which now bound Canada to the Empire. But before the flag was lowered on Canadian soil there were some millions of Canadians who would know the reason why. Mr. Borden declared that he was no militarist, but he fully realized the necessity of provision for defence. Canada could not be a hermit nation. Mr. Gladstone in 1878 said that the strength of England would not be found in alliances with great military Powers, but in the efficiency and supremacy of her Navy—"a Navy as powerful as the navies of all Europe." . . . The proposals of the Canadian Government were, in his opinion, altogether inadequate. They were too much for experiment in the organization of the Canadian naval service, and too little for immediate and effective aid.

Mr. Borden's criticisms of the Canadian scheme, and his interpretation of the situation in Europe, have been proved by events to have been well founded. The Canadian people by their votes have since admitted that the Laurier proposals are inadequate, and the crisis to which Mr. Borden referred has come within the three years, but by good luck, or good statesmanship, fortunately passed without war.

But another and a greater crisis is now before us, and in these circumstances the new Canadian Government, which Mr. Borden leads, has determined on a strong line of policy in full sympathy with the newly aroused Im-

perial spirit in the Dominion, which found expression during the recent elections. Speaking in the House of Commons, the Hon. J. D. Hazen, the Minister of Marine, has stated:—

After such consideration and inquiry as may be necessary, the Government will present its naval policy to Parliament and the people. That policy will undoubtedly require legislation which will involve the repeal of the Naval Service Act. In the meantime the Act will remain on the Statute books for the purposes in connection with the fishery protection service and otherwise. Before any permanent naval policy is put in force the people will be given an opportunity to pronounce upon it.

Canada has thus a clean slate upon which to write any naval policy which commends itself to the Canadian people. South Africa also has a clean slate upon which she may also write whatever naval policy she desires. These two oversea dominions have an opportunity of striking a blow for British naval supremacy even more dramatic than the blows which were struck by New Zealand and Australia three years ago.

The situation is more grave to-day than it was in 1909, because the prospective burden which the defence of British interests must involve in the future is now known to be greater. A year ago it was confidently anticipated that in the present year Germany would, in accordance with the Navy Law, revert from a four armored-ship programme to a two armored-ship programme, and that this reduced output would enable the British naval authorities automatically to decrease the expenditure upon the Fleet. It was hoped that the British Navy Estimates might be eventually brought back to a forty-million limit, and that at that cost the traditional superiority of the British Navy could be maintained year by year. This anticipation can no

longer be entertained. Germany has decided to amend the Navy Law. She is increasing her standing fleet by 50 per cent., and her personnel by 20,000, and she is going to build more ships.

It may be said, as it frequently is said, that whether the Empire existed or not the British people would be bound in their own interests to maintain a supreme fleet. This is true, and in the past the taxpayers of the United Kingdom have, with little complaint, met year by year the increasing charges which the upkeep of the Fleet has involved. But the conditions have changed: the oversea dominions now have a population equal to about one-third of the population of the United Kingdom, and these peoples who live overseas bear far lighter burdens than we bear who live in the United Kingdom. They are faced by none of those accumulating social problems which are casting a heavy burden upon the British Exchequer. They claim the full privileges of the Imperial connection without at present realizing that those privileges carry with them responsibilities.

The fact which has to be realized is that Germany to-day aspires not to such a modest measure of naval power as she aspired to as recently as 1900, but she hopes step by step to rise to a position of equality with the British Fleet. This is the aim of pan-Germans, and it is they who, supported by powerful trade interests, are carrying on the naval agitation in Germany. They are obtaining from the Imperial Government a new Navy Act, but they are not satisfied. This new measure is intended to be a stepping-stone to yet another Navy Act, by which it is hoped eventually to create a naval establishment which shall be admittedly as powerful as that upon which the defence of British interests depends.

The truth which the new naval situation enforces is that British interests

are not merely the interests of the United Kingdom. The British Empire may be compared to a block of flats which adjoins a powder magazine. Each flat has its separate tenant who enjoys complete freedom, with his own servants and his own domestic arrangements. When the question of fire insurance comes to be discussed, is it imaginable that the whole cost of insurance should be borne by those tenants who happen to live on the side of the block which adjoins the powder magazine? Would the other tenants urge that by providing a few fire-grenades, they were doing as much as could be expected of them? Would it not be argued that if an explosion occurred, not one or two of the flats in the block, but the whole structure, would be razed to the ground? This is the situation to-day of the British Empire. It is true that the United Kingdom lives next to a powder magazine, but let there be no mistake about the peril for the whole Empire. If the powder magazine explodes, while the United Kingdom may feel the first shock, there is not an inhabitant of the oversea dominions who will not be affected.

The British Empire is an entity, or it does not exist. If it is an entity, then surely it is the duty of every component section to do its part in bearing the burden of defending that entity. If it is not a real confederation of self-governing peoples, then let this be declared now and at once, for only by such a declaration can the self-governing colonies save themselves from bearing in time of war the same horrors of defeat as must fall upon the United Kingdom if the Fleet has been annihilated. There is no middle course. The self-governing colonies cannot take advantage of the British Fleet when peace reigns, and then when war occurs claim that they stand outside the conflict. If under peace conditions they

enjoy the blessings which British supremacy ensures, then if that supremacy is dethroned they must be prepared to share the penalty of defeat.

The second fact which they can ignore only at their peril is that the battle of the British Empire will be fought, not in distant seas, but contiguous to the naval armaments of the great European Powers. Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa—the Indian Empire itself, and every inch of territory over which the British flag flies—are defended by the metropolitan fleets stationed in European waters. The truth of this statement calls for no proof. It is self-apparent that where the danger threatens, there the defence must be offered. Germany concentrates to-day every armored ship, excepting two, most of her cruisers, and all her torpedo craft, in the North Sea and the Baltic, and it is Germany which aspires to colonial greatness. Austria and Italy are expanding their fleets in the Mediterranean.

The oversea dominions may play with the naval question to-day—they may create little fleets; but when the great clash of arms comes those fleets will have no more influence upon the eventual course of events than the navies of Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, and San Domingo. Is it imagined in any part of the British Empire that a few cruisers and torpedo-boat destroyers are going to stand between any oversea dominion and the designs of a great warlike Empire, with a Fleet costing between twenty and thirty millions annually, and an Army of upwards of four million men upon a war footing? The German Army contains seven or eight times as many adult males as the whole of New Zealand; it consists of at least three times as many men as are to be found in the whole of the Commonwealth, and even Canada it-

self has not within its boundaries half as many men as Germany could place under arms within six weeks of the opening of a war.

If the oversea dominions have the will to rally round the mother country, it is not beyond the means of the Imperial authorities to devise a mutually satisfactory scheme. We do not need men; our supplies are greater than our needs. But we require ships in which the men can fight when the hour strikes, and ships mean heavy expenditure. The maintenance of the Navy—coal, fuel, stores, and pay—means more money. If the British Fleet is to maintain its present superiority over the German Fleet, six large armored ships must be built annually, as well as cruisers and torpedo craft. Canada and South Africa could provide ships for the strengthening of the metropolitan fleets, the colonial ships periodically visiting Canadian and South African ports. In administration Canada and South Africa could take a real part. New Zealand and the Common-

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wealth might also come into such an arrangement. This would be a valuable aid to Imperial defence and its effect would be immediate.

If the gravity of the situation which is developing in Europe were understood by the oversea dominions, if they could be brought to realize that the seas are all one and that our peril is also their peril, there would be no more talk of "baby navies"—mere hand-fire grenades. They would rise to the height of their Imperial responsibilities and rally to the support of the one instrument which can ensure to them a continuance of peace. Local navies, however generously they may be encouraged, can be of no war value to the Empire for fifteen, twenty, or more years, and the danger is in sight. The clouds which portend the storm are already black on the horizon; when they burst it will be too late to proffer assistance because naval power, on which the issue of the struggle will mainly depend, unlike military power, cannot be improvised.

Archibald Hurd.

FORTUNA CHANCE.

BY JAMES PRIOR.

CHAPTER XI.

BLACK FRIDAY.

At five o'clock in the morning Roland was up and dressed. His mother sat beside him while he ate his breakfast by candlelight. She pinned a white cockade to the lining of his hat ready for occasion; she fastened his black satin stock with a diamond-studded buckle, her last gift, and at parting when he knelt for her blessing kissed him with a face of much courage.

His wig had been well powdered by Press and was crowned with a Kevenhuller of the right martial cock, but the mere frippery of his adornment, his new stock-buckle, his stone knee-buckles, the lace to his shirt and the

embroidery to his coat and waistcoat—these last the handiwork of his mother and Press—was of course covered by his long plain riding-coat and jack-boots. Whereby indeed he made the more gallant an appearance and the more conformable to the business he was on. The purposeful gravity which had settled on his brow seemed to have taken the boyishness from his fresh cheeks. He had not, you may be sure, forgotten the silver spurs.

Said Press as soon as the chink of them was out of the house, "There won't be a prettier young gentleman go forth neither on foot nor horseback in a month of Fridays."

I am afraid his equipment left

Fortuna straitened for many a day. But she said nothing; her motherly pride did not measure itself against the maid's. Perhaps the chief feeling excited in her by that speech was a wish that it had been any other day of the week. She went up-stairs to pray. Her rosary went often through her fingers, and she fasted as strictly as if it had been that penitential Friday before Easter.

It was a moonless morning, the wind to the north-east with a hard and cloudy sky, very suitable for such a stealing away as Roland intended. The Crab-tree Stand was on the side of the deer-park nearest to the Nook, but still he had a two-mile trudge to it through the mire in jack-boots. And if the appointed meeting failed through Mistress Chaworth's opposition or other hindrance? The thought kept coming to him by the way. For answer he set his teeth, and vowed in that case to follow as he was the advance of the swift invading army until he overtook it, though it were a hundred miles. An unnecessary resolution, for the lady of Annesley was glad to keep her son by her at the cost of such a substitution. So he found William Chaworth at the proper place in the thick dusk of the trees with the gelding, a powerful animal, rather sure than fast but of the right sort for a winter's campaign. His greeting and Roland's thanks were brief. The face of each was to the other but a glimmer in the black.

"Good-bye, Sorrel," said the young squire. "You're going where your master would fain have gone. I beg you'll not spare him."

"'Twill be my bounden duty," said Roland, "to go with him where his master would have gone. I shan't need to go further and shan't dare to go less far."

The young squire was conscious of a change of tone. Roland spoke gravely, soberly; as though the vigil of one

night, the activity of one morning had added years to the gasconading boy of the day before.

"This sword is mamma's gift. It has seen service already."

"My humble thanks and duty to her. Pray tell her I will strive to carry it so that it shan't know it has changed hands."

"If you have the good fortune to speak with the prince, tell him you come with your own body but William Chaworth's horse and sword."

"And spirit, sir. I'm vastly beholden to you for all three. If I do anything at all, sure 'twill be wholly theirs."

Roland trotted away down the dark still riding. He had in his pocket a draft on his mother's banker for five-and-twenty guineas. He was to go to Nottingham and cash it, and thence push on with all speed to Derby. What gloom of light the austere sky possessed it wrapped up in its clouds and gave none forth. The road was dark under him, before him; dark was the ground on either hand. At the Wig-hay there was a glimmer of candlelight through the loopholes of the great barn, and he heard the regular thud of flails; but he met nobody on that side of Hucknall save a couple of red-coated fox-hunters riding to a meet on Selston common. But between Hucknall and Bulwell—and by then there was a wan half-awakened gleam along the pools that flecked the road—he met an amount of traffic very unusual, especially at so early an hour, coming from Nottinghamwards.

First a smart chariot and six went floundering by with more haste than speed, its roof piled up with heavy packages and more persons squeezed together inside and out, gentlemen, ladies, children and servants, than I guess had ever before found accommodation therein. Soon after a man passed on a stout cob, a Nottingham tradesman apparently, and behind him

on a pillion a lady pale with fear; which Roland supposed, and very reasonably, to be on account of her cavalier's indifferent horsemanship. A little further and the road was taken up by a standing wagon-load of odds and ends of furniture; the driver stood up to his knees in mire and fogged and cursed his team. The poor animals strained and plunged, but could not haul the fore-wheels out of the deep slough into which they had sunk. To avoid them a long string of pack-horses variously laden had to take to the ditch, which was indeed hardly deeper, wider or wetter than many of the ruts. After that came in close succession a carrier's cart, a party of half-a-dozen well-dressed horsemen and horsewomen, a donkey carriage and another wagon crammed with household goods; which made Roland think there must be a general house-fitting going on in the neighborhood.

Considering these and similar obstructions together with the vile state of the road, Roland and his steed must be held to have done extremely well in reaching Bulwell, nine miles from home and only four from the county town, by what time the day was fully awake. The first person whom he met in that village was riding an old gray mare in poor condition and going very lame. He stopped Roland and said:

"Young sir, may I inquire whether that quadruped which you bestride is purchasable upon reasonable terms?"

"Upon no terms whatever, sir," answered Roland; "he is already devoted to a cause."

The first speaker dejectedly dropped the hand which he had raised to bespeak attention. He was a very respectable elderly person in broad-brimmed hat, full-bottomed tie-wig and black coat, under which appeared the skirts of a clergyman's cassock.

"You should account yourself thrice

fortunate in the possession of such a steed at such a crisis. Believe me, at Nottingham since the news arrived it would be worth more than a man."

"Prithee of what news do you speak, sir?"

"I might reply without hyperbole, there is no news but one news. Since we have been apprised that the rebels at Derby spent all yesterday in hearing the superstitious compilation which they call mass, and in sharpening their bloodthirsty swords for an immediate march on Nottingham, we have no ears for lesser tidings. But it does not behove one who hath been conspicuous both in pulpit and print for the defence of Protestantism and the true Hanoverian succession to loiter by the way, while as yet escape is possible. Necessity doth *pro tempore* suspend the common law of pity, doth by a quasi-martial law put us under the dictatorship of self."

So saying he brought his whip down upon his mare's flank, and at the third stroke induced her to a hobbling walk. Roland rode on at a quicker pace, passed a lady and two gentlemen in a chaise, then was stayed on the green by an innkeeper, a tub-bellied purple-nosed watery-eyed man, who coming out of his house and across the road to him said:

"Sir, there's a gentleman in my parlor who'll give you a hundred pound for that hoss."

"He is not for sale," said Roland.

"I don't think you heard me right, sir; I said a hundred and fifty pound."

"And I said he's not for sale," answered Roland impatiently.

"You moan't reckon on prices holding up after to-day, sir."

Roland's horse and impatience were both astart, but he checked them on a thought and said:

"What sort of a road is it between Nottingham and Derby?"

The innkeeper gave him a sly look and answered:

"The road's good summer and winter for them as needs it, but it'll be strangely rucked up just now with all these goings and comings. Look!"

There was no need of the innkeeper's finger. Slowly and conspicuously a wagon was crawling past drawn by four oxen and crowded with well-dressed people, but with no luggage except a few light bags and parcels.

"Where there's one such here there'll be fifty, ay, a hunderd along Derby road. So 't has been ever sin him you know on comed to Derby."

"Then 'tis a general flight?"

"Noat else. Besides and moreover, sir, at the ingates of Nottingham and all the villages along the road there's watchmen placed, who ax all sort of foolish hindering questions o' busy men. So if I was going to Derby to look up a friend or saddle with an unfriend, I should go by Broxtowe and Stapleford. You'll miss noat but a sight of the gallers and the wyndmills on the Nottingham lings."

Roland was the more impatient to be at Derby, the more afraid of going by Nottingham. If he remembered that he had a note to cash it was to no effect.

"How far do you make it?"

"If your business wain't wait, sir, I should say, with luck and plenty o' good Nottingham whipcord you could be at Derby in easy time for an early dinner."

"Thank you; if it can be done I'll do it."

"Harkee, sir, in your ear. When your friends coom in mebbe you'll say a good word for me. I've 'commodation and appetite for a good deal more business than what I do."

Having taken the innkeeper's further directions Roland rode eagerly on. It seemed to him that he was going not to take part in a struggle but to look on at a triumph. Using not overmuch

Nottingham whipcord he passed Broxtowe Hall, but in crossing Trowell Moor luck failed him and inopportunistly he bethought himself of Bob Radage's unexecuted commission. It is true that he had immediately if ineffectively declined the trust; nevertheless Bell's token, still in the pocket of his coat left hanging to dry on the kitchen wall, drew his attention from the track before him for a minute or two of vain impatient half-regrets. When his outlook was clear again he had gone so far astray, that after an hour's deviations by Cossall and Ilkeston he found himself at Kirk Hallam instead of Sandiacre. After that in lack of a well-defined road he went wrong between Locko and Chaddesden, but was set right by a farmer's wife riding to market between two panniers of fruit and dairystuff, and so reached the latter village, two miles from Derby, before one o'clock. He stopped at the "Wilmot Arms" to bait his horse and drink a pot of ale. In the kitchen a man was declaring that the "Prince of the Highlandmen" had heard French mass yestermorn in All Saints' Church. That information new-fired Roland's eagerness. It sounded like a consecration of his party's success. He was well pleased too when the landlord refused to change him a banknote for five shillings, saying:

"Nay, 'twain't do, master; I mun hae your silver. Times is tickle. There's many a man looks firm at his shoulders as stans very cockling on's feet."

He called for his horse and galloped off. Soon he turned on to the Nottingham road and saw a fair church-tower in front of him. He stopped and asked a passer-by what church it was. All Saints' he was told. His heart gave a great leap, as if he had at last come into the princely presence. He kept his eye upon that blessed tower, made it his lodestar by which to steer. It was conspicuous on his

left when he crossed the river by the narrow pack-horse bridge; then he lost it behind the houses. But he kept looking for it on his left; did not mistake St. Alkmund's for it, still less squat St. Michael's—"A Protestant church that," he said to himself—and soon it again confronted him unmistakably, seemed to come out of the line of common buildings into the road to meet him. He leapt down, he took no care of his horse, he hastened to the church door. It chanced to be unlocked; he passed in. He dropped on his knees and crossed himself before the heretical table which had been deemed worthy to serve for the nonce as base to a eucharistic altar. His eyes were wet with tears.

That was the culmination of an enthusiasm. He fell away from it as soon as he rose; he passed into a common curiosity: He had never before been in a church of any kind. His eyes went round the building; he criticized mentally the fabric and the furniture. But he did not dwell on them; he went out and again mounted his horse. Then was the time when he had thought to bring his white cockade out of retirement; but he let it lie; he was conscious of the uneasy beginnings of a disappointment.

He had expected to have the Prince's presence signally impressed upon him. He missed the Prince's presence. There was no passage through the street of armed men either kilted or breeched, there was no thronging of unarmed lookers-on, no martial squealing of bagpipe or fife, no hurraing or ringing of bells, no overflowings of a loyal jubilation or a disaffected terror.

He rode on. Many dwelling-houses and shops still had their windows shuttered, as though day had only begun for early risers. There were indeed many people out of doors, and several times he saw acquaintances stop one another, exchange a hand-shake and

express a sober satisfaction; but what was on their faces seemed rather to be the subsidence than the flood of an excitement. More persons were going in than coming forth, and those who showed the most agitation might for aught that appeared be merely hurrying to overtake their dinner-time. In short he had seen almost as much bustle on a Saturday market at Nottingham. In all likelihood it was indeed market day at Derby, though it was Friday; for he went at haphazard straight into the market-place, and saw as it were the lees of a market there; a pen of geese, a lowing cow with dripping udders and a muzzled calf at her side piteously bleating, two or three swing ploughs and pig-troughs, half-a-dozen women with maunds of butter and eggs, a Gipsy beldame hawking horn spoons, corneltree skewers and new thorn-wood swipples for old flails, a simpler with his comfrey and dandelion roots and bundles of dried herbs, and a loud-voiced pedlar of holland socks, four pair a shilling. But few as were the sellers they outnumbered the buyers. What surprised him most of all was the hearing some loud voices from the "George Inn" singing—

George is magnanimous,
Subjects unanimous,
Peace to us bring.
His fame is glorious,
Reign meritorious,
God save the King.

He could only surmise that the minstrels were under the influence of a drunkard's courage. He rode past the shambles, which then occupied part of the square, and stood in the open space beyond for a minute or two, mystified, refusing to be disheartened, uncertainly revolving his next movement; and as he stood, suddenly the bells of All Saints' broke forth into a jubilatory peal. He was encouraged into addressing an elderly tradesman, a chandler,

who stood on the pavement outside his shop door; in his workaday shirt-sleeves and apron, it is true, but his shop-front was still partly shuttered and there was a holiday leisureliness in his way of warming his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes.

"Yon bells make a merry sound of it, sir," said he.

"There's reason in't," answered the chandler; "more than what there is in most merriment."

"Ay, for doubtless 'tis in welcome of His Highness the Prince."

The chandler looked at him suspiciously from under an up-puckered brow and seemed of a mind to go indoors, but stopped on his threshold to say darkly:

"You're true to the mark; they're a-welcoming his departure."

"He has gone then? Already? But I might have known. Stop, pray, and tell me by what road."

The chandler, though half of a mind not to answer, did answer but with a surly brevity.

"The same road as he came in by."

"Ah?" But Roland pushed aside his monosyllabic surprise with a business-like "Be good enough to direct me thither."

"I don't think, young man, you'll find it a very profitable direction. However 'tis the Ashbourne road. Take the turning to your right hand and— But here come those who'll save my tongue and your memory."

At that moment there was a certain movement just beginning on the other side of the market-place; first a sudden scuttling into doorways and round corners on the part of such persons as happened to be standing about the pump; and immediately on that the entrance at a run of a gang of such armed ragamuffins as Roland had never before seen, a full score of them of all sizes and ages from the white-bearded ruffian to the smooth-chinned imp of mis-

chief; but all filthy and betattered, some most indecently, bareheaded, bare-legged, and to an inland man horribly outlandish. The tradesman backed through his doorway, whence he said:

"Those are some of the—Prince's gentlemen; the last of 'em I hope. If you follow 'em they'll lead you unmistakably the way you want to go; which, as I take it, is the gainest road to the gallows."

He shut his door sharply on the last words, and Roland heard from without the hurried clatter of lock, bolt and chain. Meanwhile the Highlanders, having a clear market before them, swept down it at a speed which not being hurried was much greater than it seemed. Some seized a goose apiece, wrung its neck and carried it off over shoulder, some pillaged the nearest market-women's baskets and the open shops. One man with his Lochaber axe smashed the window in the only shop-front thereabouts that was glazed, for the rarity of the crash I suppose, and snatched thence a lady's fan; but all was done with so practised a dexterity that it did not break their steady rush through. By the time that Roland had realized what they were, they had swooped past him and disappeared round the next corner. Instantly the townspeople were back in the market-place. They looked curiously at the broken window, they commiserated, with hands in pockets, the plundered butter-women. The elderly chandler unlocked his door and peeped forth.

But Roland did not again consult him. He roused himself from the disgusted astonishment which had fallen on him, and turned his back on the market-place. He did not consciously accept the guidance of those savage partisans; what he would have done consciously would have been to reject it disdainfully; yet on arriving at the nearest corner he looked the way that they had taken. They were already

out of sight. He stopped in doubt. Just then the triumphant clangour of two or three other peals of bells was added to the first. He withdrew his eyes from looking to the right, and saw before him a sign standing out from the rank of buildings on the left hand of the street, and inscribed "Fortune Inn, John Every." It was not however that loud gilt lettering which had taken his attention, but a coat-of-arms, gules, azure and or; which for crest had the figure of a robed woman standing on a wheel, bearing a palm branch in one hand and a poised javelin in the other. Above her was enscrollled the motto "Victrix vel Vindex Fortuna" in smaller characters. The same heraldic device was engraved on a seal which his mother had given him for a bauble to his Pinchbec's watch, and was also impressed on her jewel-casket, though he would hardly have taken so much notice but for the oddity of her name being in it. He rode down to the sign and reined up in front of a respectable inn.

"What may I have the honor of doing for ye, sir?"

Probably it was John Every, certainly it was a highly respectable, sly-looking, dry-looking little old fellow in jacket and apron and a small well-powdered wig, who had come forth and put that pertinent question. To which Roland replied:

"You may, if you please, point me out the way to the Ashbourne road."

"Have you dined, sir?"

"Not yet."

"Then let me say, sir, Ashbourne road can wait your good pleasure; but your dinner's smoking-hot and will spoil by waiting."

Roland was immediately and altogether of his adviser's opinion. It would seem that his sunken spirits had come to the reinforcement of his hunger, which for the last two hours at least had been trying in vain to get

heard. He alighted, gave the reins to a stable-boy and followed the landlord up the dirty steps and along a dirty stone-paved passage. Half-way down his conductor stopped at a door and invited him to look in.

"My great parlor, sir," he said with a mixture of pride and dismay.

Roland saw a long low-celled oak-wainscoted apartment, whose natural gloom was not relieved by the dying fire in the huge chimney. From end to end stretched a massy oaken table littered with platters, drinking vessels and leavings of food in a swinish disorder. Of the oaken chairs some had fallen, the rest stood anyhow along the floor, which was strewn with filthy straw.

"You see, sir," said the landlord, "I've bedded thirty guests here for the last two nights, as well as boarded 'em; besides as many more in other parts of the house; gentlemen from north'hards, sir." Roland understood, and his first feeling was a rush of gladness that he had not come in the night before. "When we burn that straw, sir, we shall do murder; ay, to tens o' thousands."

They passed on and by the next door entered another and much smaller room, similarly furnished but with everything in good order, a bright coal fire on the hearth, the clean floor freshly sanded, chairs ranged along the table and covers ready set for some half-dozen guests. The polished steel and pewter seemed to repeat the fire's gleam the more brightly for being laid on the bare dark board.

"This is our market-day, sir," said the innkeeper again. "Every Friday I purvide an ordinary and sit at the head o' the table in yon great dining-room and look down and see ne'er a chair unfilled. But to-day, sir, through the slobbery weather and unpassable roads and other raisons the market's but a poor un, as you may have seed, so

there'll be only you and me to put knife and fork to as fine a pickled leg o' pork as ever came bolled to table. But I'm none complaining, sir. If you'll be pleased to be content wi' your meat and your carver, I shall be more than content wi' my company."

"Thank you," said Roland; "I can be content with less. Just a dish of any sort of fish; that's all I shall require."

The little old man looked at him slyly with his bright eyes and said:

"Ah, sir, I see you're o' the same way o' thinking about victuals as some o' my Highland officers, so the eels from the Trent and the fat carp from the Darrent, which they ordered but couldn't wait while we cooked 'em, will come in raight handsomely for your dinner. 'Twill be but a delay of twenty minutes; you'll need all that time to warm your hands into the proper trim for knife and fork"—the innkeeper drew one of the roomiest of the chairs to the fireside—"and I'll send ye in a tankard of my best home-brewed."

Twenty minutes is long to a hungry man, and Roland's appetite raged the more fiercely for its long suppression; but the home-brewed was good, the

tankard capacious, and the fire with its merry face and under-breath talk did its best to make the waiting pass; with so much success that the twenty minutes had hardly seemed to him more than a whole hour, when Master Every came again and with many apologies ushered him up-stairs to a little sparsely furnished room that looked on the yard. Roland's eyes went round its walls but stopped at their only decoration, a copy of the Golden Rules of Charles I. Perhaps the innkeeper thought that they were particularly directed to the sixth rule, "Make no comparisons"; he said apologetically:

"I thought, sir, you'd be quieter here. With all these goings and comings the town seems unsattled like. Now the fire's got well agate it'll soon warm the air."

The fire had evidently been hurriedly kindled with live embers from another hearth. The landlord was probably aware that the vulgar prejudice was unusually strong just then against persons who ate fish on Fridays. Roland however had no time to speculate on motives, for immediately a brown-frocked blue-aproned waiter brought in a dish of eels still hissing softly of their sharp discipline.

(To be continued.)

ORATORIO VERSUS OPERA.

Musical London, or that section of London society which considers itself to be *par excellence* such, seems to have settled to its own satisfaction that Oratorio is only an entertainment for the *bourgeoisie*. The prejudice was in existence in fashionable society as long ago as the time of Handel; witness the sneering remarks of Horace Walpole, the fogleman of the *précieux* world of his day, at the oratorio performances which, he implied, no one of any consequence ever attended, and where they had "a man with one note in his voice,

and a girl with never a one," to sing the solos. If the "man with one note" was Beard, for whom Handel wrote the tenor solos in *Samson*, "Horry" was certainly wrong in his facts, for a mere glance at the music is enough to show that the singer for whom it was intended must have been an executant of no ordinary powers, though probably not the equal of the Crescentinis and the Senesinos, who had been the idols of the opera audiences; not to mention Farinelli, who, even among these latter, obviously stood alone and unap-

proached. But Horace Walpole's sneer at Handel's oratorios was probably motivated not so much by any pretence to superior musical insight as by the perception that they were not reckoned among the chosen amusements of the fashionable world to which he belonged, and were, therefore, outside of his circle of interests. They were a kind of entertainment for the vulgar who knew no better.

Not so very long ago—within the memory of people who are not very old—Oratorio had conquered a more important position than this in musical England; even in musical London. The oratorio performances at Exeter Hall in the great days of the Sacred Harmonic Society, with Costa as conductor, with a band of one hundred, and a chorus of some six hundred (about the ideal numbers for effective performance of choral works) were regarded as important events in the musical world, which might be attended without involving any confession of mediocrity in musical perception; they formed an annual series of concerts to be looked on with as much respect, in their way, as the annual series of the Philharmonic Society's concerts. Now all this has changed; the Sacred Harmonic Society has ceased to exist, for lack presumably of public support, and with the exception of the occasional and rather unequal performances of the Handel Society, oratorios seem to be now only given as a bonus to the religious public, to provide them at Christmas and in Lent with a form of musical entertainment which may appear to them to constitute, in some sort, a part of the religious observance of the season.

We have come round again, in short, pretty much to Horace Walpole's position of regarding Oratorio as an entertainment for the middle classes; but though the resultant position is the same, the reasons at the back of it are probably not quite the same. Opera,

though less of an exclusive function for the upper ten thousand than it used to be, is still, no doubt, to many, the most fashionable form of musical entertainment; it is in this country (where there are no subsidized opera houses) still an amusement within the reach of the comparatively rich only; it is a function at which beauty and her equipment can be displayed with more effect than in a concert-room. But the present indifference to or contempt for Oratorio in comparison with Opera is not the product only of what may be called fashionable fashion, it is that of musical fashion also; it is the opinion or the feeling of people who claim to be more or less specially musical, and to consider music from a critical point of view. And the question propounded here is, whether this is not altogether an æsthetic mistake; whether Oratorio, considered in the abstract, is not really a higher and more intellectual artistic form than Opera; whether some existing oratorios are not greater works than any opera that has been produced so far.

Of course it may be admitted at once that Opera is a more exciting form of musical entertainment than Oratorio. But if we consider the matter impartially, I think it will be found that this more exciting character resides in an appeal to the senses rather than to the intellect. The accompaniment of scenic effect pleases another sense besides the ear, and has sometimes the element of a surprise in it; but it has also the element in it of ocular deception, often very imperfect—objects, according to a criticism at an Oxford theatrical representation, "too obviously in two dimensions"; whereas the suggestions and the beauties of the music, taken by itself, are genuine as far as they go, and appeal to the intellect as imitation scenery certainly does not. Grouping of beautiful and effective costumes is a genuine artistic effect, and

one which we cannot generally get in real life, though the numerous pageants of late years have afforded us that form of enjoyment to some extent. As to acting, nothing in the way of acting which can be of any intellectual interest or of any real or life-like power is possible in Opera. Critics talk about the acting of this singer being good, and that of the other one bad, but the difference is a very conventional one. Sung drama, even when, as in Wagner's operas, and those of the contemporary French school, the artificial *aria* form is discarded, is so far removed from anything in real life that the true function of acting in "holding the mirror up to Nature" cannot be realized; the nearest possible approach to it can only amount to the emphasis of the vocal declamation by appropriate and effective gesture. The opportunity afforded to the singer of singing without a book in his hand and of being free to add expressive gesture to his delivery of the music is no doubt one of the advantages to be claimed by Opera, where the music itself is of a dramatic, and what may be called a personal character; there is a great difference in effect between "Voi che sapete" sung in a drawing-room, and the same air delivered by the love-sick youth on the stage. But not in all cases can the advantage of accompanying singing by gesture be equally obvious. The higher and more serious in style is the music, and the more abstract and impersonal the sentiment, the less room is there for expression by means of gesture. "Voi che sapete" or "Non più andrai" may gain by gesture; "Qui sdegno" would not; it is too abstract, and no gesture could be added to it but would be an impertinence and a weakening of its effect. The same may be said of that infinitely pathetic tenor air in *Fidelio*, the lament of the imprisoned Florestan over his wasted life. Given the situation, the full pathos of

the air can be brought out in the concert-room; the sham shackles and the painted canvas walls, and the insignia of the scenic dungeon add nothing to it; in its place in the opera they are necessary to keep up the illusion of the acted story, but it is the poignant pathos of the music that goes to our hearts; the scenic accessories are but the tinsel of the stage, and are beneath the level of the music; and many other instances might be quoted to the same effect. On the other hand, take an impassioned song written for the concert-room, such as Beethoven's scena, "Ah Perfido"; can one seriously imagine anything added to the pathos of that by its being sung in costume, with gesticulation, amid surroundings of paste-board scenery? The question answers itself.

"Do you not care for Opera, then?" the reader may be supposed to ask. Yes; I enjoy Opera keenly, as a brilliant and attractive combination of music and scenic and costume effects; I do not add "and acting," because, as observed above, I think acting, in the true sense in which it has any intellectual interest, is impossible in Opera. The adequate acting of such plays as *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Lear* (if indeed *Lear* ever can be adequately acted) makes a higher appeal to the intellect than anything of which Opera is capable. But, putting the acting out of the question, regarding Opera as a brilliant combination of musical and scenic effect, more exciting and attractive to the senses than any other form of musical art, I deny that it represents the highest use to which music can be put, or the one which appeals most to the imagination. It is inferior in this sense both to Symphony and to Oratorio; but the comparison with Oratorio is the more obvious one to make, since both that and Opera depend on the spoken word as their basis; both undertake to give musical illustration, by means of vocal and instrumental music combined, to a

story in which characters and situation are illustrated and partly described by music. In Oratorio we depend entirely on the characterization given by the music; the aspect of the scenes and personages, the nature of the incidents in the narrative, is only suggested to the imagination by the music. In Opera the scenes and the personages are represented to the sense of sight by artificial means of which the artificiality is always obvious enough. In consequence, music in Opera is no longer a purely abstract art addressed to the imagination; it is clogged with the accompaniment of an inadequate and rather tawdry realism. The result, be it admitted, is brilliant and captivating to the senses, especially of those whose imaginative faculties are somewhat sluggish; but, as already suggested, the loftier the quality of the music, the less it seems to blend with or to require the pasteboard and tinsel art of the scenic setting.

And it is rather curious to consider, in this connection, that with all the popularity of Opera in the London musical world, it does not after all appear that it is the best and finest operas, in a purely musical sense, that are wanted. If it were, their production would pay; and if it would pay, they would be produced. How is it that there are only two operas of Mozart's that we ever hear of at all, and those two, and Beethoven's one opera, only at long and uncertain intervals; that *Die Zauberflöte* might almost as well never have been written; that *Il Seraglio*, which surprised everyone by its beauty some thirty years ago, has been shelved ever since; that Cherubini's monumental work, *Medea*, has never been attempted since about the same period of time; that no attempt is ever made at *Euryanthe* (a far greater work than *Der Freischütz*); that Rossini's *Barbière* can be produced, while *Guillaume Tell*, which, whatever we

may think of its school, is in its way a great work, is almost entirely neglected; that we needed the example of the Paris Opéra to bring about a kind of grudging recognition of Gluck's *Armide*, while we see announced the frequent repetition of the lighter work of Puccini, and others of the modern school? If the great classic operas mentioned were dear to the public, they would be frequently given, for it would be profitable to give them. Obviously they are not in demand. Oratorio is thought dull. Evidently classic Opera is dull also. What is wanted is amusement and novelty. It is a perfectly legitimate want; only it must not be mistaken for a craving for what is highest and most serious in musical art.

And, after all, can Opera best supply such a craving where it exists? The drawback to all serious Opera, professing to represent the tragedy and pathos of human life, is that feeling of unreality which is inseparable from it, arising partly from the incongruity in the representation of men and women expressing their feelings in a medium so far removed from the realities of human life; partly from the puerile suggestiveness of stage machinery. Hence the most unqualified successes of Opera, as Opera, have lain either in comedy or in supernatural legend. In comedy we are content to enjoy the humor of the musical characterization without being called upon to take it seriously; in supernatural legend the whole thing is so far removed from real life that we cease to feel the incongruity of its terror or pathos. In *Don Giovanni*, the greatest of operas, we have both elements. Nothing in the way of humor could be more subtle and intellectual than Mozart's treatment of such scenes as that in which Leporello banters Elvira on the subject of her lover's infidelities, or that of Don Giovanni's mock serenade, with its *spirituel* contrast between the passionate beauty of the

voice part and the mocking piquancy of the accompaniment (what a contrast to Wagner's elephantine attempts at humor over Beckmesser!); and in the statue scene at the close we have that kind of picturesque supernaturalism which perhaps could only be adequately treated in Opera; which at any rate presents nothing incongruous with serious musical treatment and with scenic effect. But with the musically highest class of serious Opera, dealing ostensibly with human life, it comes really to this, that we go to it for the sake of the music, and accept the costumes and the stage machinery as something incidental which does not affect us much, and which we feel in many cases to be below the level of the music. We can hardly help feeling, in some portions of Mozart's operas, as in the second *finale* in *Don Giovanni*, and in the final scene in *Figaro*, that he has lavished splendid music on situations that are not worth it, and that the divine art is, if not degraded, at any rate misplaced in connection with them. Wagner, though he had not an ounce of humor in his composition, recognized rightly that legend was the real atmosphere for serious Opera, and his music in its stronger as well as in its weaker elements just suits his *libretti* and his stage machinery; even the vulgar blaring of the "Ride of the Valkyrie," which has absurdly been transferred to the concert-room, is quite good enough to accompany the passage of a string of spectacular rocking-horses. But when one hears people talking of this kind of production as if it had a deep moral and poetic significance, one can only regard them as so many grown-up children.

When we quit legend and comedy, and come to the problem of the musical treatment, by voices and instruments combined, of epic or dramatic narrative of serious significance, it is here that

Oratorio comes to the rescue, and furnishes the opportunity for the painting of incident and the expression of character, freed both from the disproportionate costliness of the operatic stage, and from the prosaic and yet incomplete realism of stage machinery and scenery in two dimensions. Oratorio, speaking not only through the lips of the "blest pair of Sirens, Voice and Verse," but with the added color and emphasis derived from orchestral accompaniment, appeals far more to the imagination than any opera, provided the hearer brings imagination of his own to meet its suggestions. And it has, in a purely musical sense, this great advantage over Opera, that its conditions can allow of the full development of an air or a chorus in complete musical form, without raising that question of the logical inconsistency of checking the course of acted drama at a critical moment, in order to allow the hero or heroine to express their feelings in a lengthened solo, which has been the constant stumbling-block of the higher criticism in regard to Opera. Not that the treatment of Opera in recitative commensurate with the progress of the wording is necessarily more dramatic, in the higher sense of the word, than Opera in which characters and situations are illustrated by the interpolation of complete compositions in extended form. All Opera is a convention; the Mozart form is one convention, that of Wagner and of the contemporary French Opera composers is another; we have only to settle which convention we prefer to abide by; and dramatic power, in the characterization of a personage by music, may be just as well shown in the one form as in the other. Mozart, as a matter of fact, is ten times more dramatic than Wagner, in that the music he writes for a character seems to be the natural and spontaneous expression of that character, as by a kind of inspiration,

while Wagner's *leit motiv* labels produce rather the impression of having been arbitrarily chosen; they do not in themselves express character, they only notify the presence or the entrance of a special personage to whom a special phrase belongs, by which he is, as it were, hall-marked. Still, the discrepancy between the assumed progress of the action, and the arresting of it at intervals for the delivery of a long musical composition, in the old school of Opera, does afford a handle for criticism, and is a stumbling-block to those who would have all art geometrically logical. Now from this dilemma the Oratorio form sets us free. Since there is no represented action, but only poetic narrative, generally speaking rather epic than dramatic in its nature, the musician is at liberty to develop his art fully in formal composition of chorus and air, without exposing himself to the criticism that he is arresting the action in doing so, since there is no action to arrest. As to the frequent repetition of the same words in the course of an air or chorus, if any reader is really so befogged in his mind as to the respective functions of music and poetry as to think it worth while to raise a question on the subject, it would perhaps be useless to argue with him, but he had better read Matthew Arnold's *Epilogue to Lessing's Laocöon*, where the philosophy of the matter is as convincingly expressed and illustrated, in a few lines, as it well could be.

Under the head of "Oratorio" I am including not merely the generally recognized sacred oratorios, but all compositions of considerable length, and in various movements, for chorus, solo voices, and orchestra, whether supposed to be sacred or not; cantatas, motets, etc.; and also the concert-room performance of Masses by the great composers, for these come in a musical sense under the same head, and are

performed with the same object. Devout Catholics, I believe, rather object to this transference to the concert-room of music for what they regard as the most solemn rite of their worship; but as no religious rite is simulated or travestied in the performance of the music of a Mass in the concert-room, and it is listened to and regarded as sacred music, it does not seem that Catholics have any right to demonstrate against such performances, further than by declining to attend them, if their conscience is uneasy on the subject.

The fact that the class of production entitled "Oratorio," probably first derived its name from the performances of sacred music in the oratory of a church, has rather stamped it by tradition as a form of composition dealing especially with sacred subjects, but there is no reason in its nature for such a limitation. Handel, indeed, in his *Alexander's Feast*, *Hercules*, and other works, has shown how successfully it may be used for the treatment of purely secular subjects; and *Judas Maccabeus* in spite of its Hallelujah Chorus at the end, and its frequent references to the Almighty as the Protector of the chosen people, is rather a martial than a religious oratorio. It is, however, in the treatment of sacred subjects that Oratorio composers have risen higher. Whatever the fluctuations of religious opinion and belief in different generations, subjects which deal with religious history and with the spiritual side of human life have had the power to evoke the highest and most serious efforts of the great composers of Oratorio, just as religious enthusiasm in the Middle Ages evoked the greatest triumphs of architecture, inasmuch that one may say that without religion mediæval architecture would hardly have existed. And as the cathedrals still impress us, in days of a very different religious creed, with

something of the spiritual aspiration out of which they arose, so the religious oratorios of the great composers, however out-of-date, in some sense, the creed which they illustrate, still impress us as efforts to give expression in music to the spiritual aspiration of humanity. For the greatest of these works were not written in any merely perfunctory spirit of composition. Handel, of whose genuine religious fervor there is abundant evidence, is nowhere so great as in the two oratorios taken entirely from the words of the Bible—*Israel in Egypt* and *Messiah*. Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* and *St. John Passion*, and of course his Mass (the greatest work of the three), were actually written for religious services. Mozart put the most serious and pathetic work of his lifetime into the *Requiem* which he believed he was writing for himself. Mendelssohn unquestionably wrote *Elijah* and *St. Paul* with a feeling which came from the heart, or he could never have had such inspirations as "O great is the depth" and "Be thou faithful" in *St. Paul*, or the "Holy, Holy," in *Elijah*. And religious aspiration in a new and wider form might still be the moving spirit of new productions in Oratorio:

Why, where's the need of Temple,
when the walls
O' the world are that? What use of
swells and falls
From Levites choir, Priests' cries and
trumpet-calls?

That one face, far from vanish, rather
grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Become my universe that feels and
knows.

There is no need, however, to regard Oratorio as necessarily dealing with sacred subjects. As already suggested, it can treat poetic narrative of a high class, whether sacred or secular, with more musical completeness and more freedom than is possible in Opera, and

without the cost and the often absurd realism (or failure of realism) of the stage machinery. There is also, it must be admitted, a danger in taking too religious a view of Oratorio—that of letting the religion get the better of the music; as has been illustrated of late years in the instance of Gounod's *Redemption*, the work of a devout Catholic, who regarded the sacred significance of the sentences set as sufficient in itself to carry off a very bald and feeble musical rendering; and in consequence his oratorio is dead already. Whether the same fate may await the religious oratorios of another devout Catholic musician it is too soon at present to prophesy; but I cannot help recording the opinion I heard in regard to them from an able professional musician. It seemed to him, he said, that anyone who had mastered the difficulties of part-writing and orchestration, and who had very fervent religious feelings, might go and do likewise. Whether he was right or wrong one must leave it to "that old common arbitrator, Time," to decide.

That Handel is the great light in Oratorio, supreme above all others, no sound criticism can deny. In his works alone of this class do we find that spontaneous power of giving appropriate expression to the feeling of the words, whether they be pathetic or triumphant, grave or gay, which one can only characterize by the word "inspiration," a term which serves vaguely to account for and explain a power which is unaccountable and inexplicable. In his oratorios alone do we find that melodic interest and variety in the writing for solo voices which render these portions of the composition only second, if second, in musical importance to the finest of the choruses; and that completely vocal style, that accurate knowledge of what the voice can best express and execute, in which Handel is above all other composers.

In this knowledge of vocal style Mozart and Rossini come nearest to him, but even at their best they hardly equal Handel in this sense, and Rossini's moral tone (if one may use such an expression in relation to music) is of course on an altogether lower plane than Handel's. As a writer for solo voices Bach, whatever his ardent worshippers of to-day may believe, has no claim to be named with Handel. His moral tone, his intent, is indeed of the highest, but his style was all formed on the organ, and he writes for solo voices as if he were writing for a solo stop on the organ. People cannot see this at present, because they are under the influence of a fashionable cult of Bach; they will possibly find it out presently. The dramatic element in Handel's solos (as might perhaps have been expected from a composer who had passed the greater part of his life in writing operas) is more remarkable and more forcible than in any other oratorios. The idea that the St. Matthew *Passion* is more dramatic because of the introduction of the "narrator"—because one singer sings the words, "And Jesus answered and said," and another goes on with the words of Jesus, is absurd; anyone may be dramatic at that rate. Dramatic character resides in the music itself, not in the distribution of the parts. There is more dramatic character in "Why do the nations?" "Thou shalt break them," or "O ruddier than the cherry," than Bach ever dreamed of in a vocal solo. When we hear his song, "Pan's a master, without doubt," we find out from the words that it is intended to be humorous; we should never find it out from the music—it might be a display song in a sacred oratorio; but no one would ever make such a mistake as to Polyphemus's song. The one dramatic moment in the *Passion* is the choral shout of "Barabbas!" on a chord of the diminished seventh; the rest is contemplative,

not dramatic. It may be all the more suitable for that reason; only let us have things called by their right names.

One cause that has no doubt militated against keeping some of Handel's oratorios before the modern public is the poor and trivial nature of the words, or of many portions of the words, to which they are composed; and it is a curious and interesting point to notice, that as a general rule (not without exceptions) the prosaic character of the words re-acted on the music; that Handel's music rises in character and force in proportion to the poetic suggestiveness of the words to which it is set. He sometimes sets good music to poor words; but he never sets poor music to poetic words. Handel never properly learned our language, and it is possible that when he found such a couplet as:

The Lord commands, and Joshua leads;
Jericho falls, the tyrant bleeds,

put down for the words of a chorus, he was not fully aware what wretched doggerel it was. On the other hand, the explanation may be that, being driven into Oratorio-writing to get a living, after his reverses and losses over Opera, he felt that he could not afford to be fastidious, and must just take what he could get. At all events, it is unquestionable that if he was not alive to the monkey-tricks of doggerel in English verse, he was fully alive to the poetry, whenever there was any. Give Handel a single line, or even a word, embodying a really poetic idea, and he never fails to rise to it; numberless instances might be cited. And if we are to taboo Handel's oratorios for the poor character of the *libretto*, what about Opera? How many operas, at that rate, would survive? Opera is generally sung in England in a foreign language, and unless the hearer happens to be really familiar with the language, as with his own, the *niaiserie* of

the words are mostly overlooked. But translate them, and what stuff they mostly are! Beaumarchais' paltry drama of household intrigue furnished situations for the display of Mozart's incomparable gift of musical humor, but without Mozart it would be almost vulgar. How absurd Wagner's *libretti* may be in the original language I am not familiar enough with German fully to realize; but such portentous claptrap as they are in the apparently most approved English translation I never remember to have seen in print; Handel's oratorio *libretti* are mild in comparison; at the worst they are merely inane, they are not rampantly absurd. And after all, have they, even in Oratorio, a monopoly of inanity? Look at the words of the first chorus in Bach's *Passion*, where the chorus on one side ejaculates "See Him!" the other questions "How?" and the first chorus replies, "Like a lamb." Was it really worth the solemn machinery of a double chorus to give expression to such bald and naïve dialogue? The double chorus in *Israel in Egypt* is put to a better use than that, at all events.

But here and in *Messiah* Handel dealt with the noble language of the English version of the Bible, and, as usual, was proportionately noble and inspired in his music. In *Israel* the whole of the music is not his own, unfortunately for us, for it would be a greater work if it were, though some of the choruses which ignorant critics persist in referring to as spurious are in fact great music expanded by Handel out of brief hints borrowed from otherwise forgotten compositions; and it is in those which are entirely his own and written for the occasion that the true greatness of the oratorio consists; if it were not for these, no one would go to hear it. In *Messiah* we have Handel unadulterated; the one or two choruses not written, or at least not conceived in their main idea, for the words, be-

ing only happy adaptations from earlier work of his own. And here, in this work, we have unquestionably Handel's masterpiece, the treatment of a great religious epic in the subject of which the composer himself thoroughly believed; and here we have also the masterpiece of musical art, the greatest and most poetic of all musical compositions of which the spoken word is the basis; a judgment in which Beethoven at all events, who "would have uncovered his head and knelt down on the tomb" of its author, would have concurred. Independently of the mere musical effectiveness of the choruses and solos, the manner in which the whole feeling of the great story is entered into and portrayed in its successive phases—the dawning light of prophecy; the pastoral scene of the Nativity; the tragedy of the Passion, with the subsequent triumph; the hope of the Christian in time and for eternity—shows the author as not only a great musician, but a great religious poet. Like most of us in the present day who think at all, I have passed beyond the phase of belief which belonged to Evangelical Christianity; and yet in listening to *Messiah*, so intense and so true in spirit seems both its song and tragedy and of triumph, so complete the scheme and development of the whole, that one is almost persuaded to accept it all again, for the moment at least, in the old spirit of unquestioning faith. At all events, when we consider what has been the significance to mankind of the Christian story, one may be allowed to question whether an oratorio setting it forth in so sincere and so dramatic a manner, and suggesting to the mind ideas of Divine love, of the reign of righteousness on earth, and of eternal life hereafter—whether this is not, on the whole, rather a higher subject of contemplation than an opera in which we make the acquaintance of singing dragons, real horses, and rock-

ing-horses, and in which one of the most important incidents is that of an unnatural amour between brother and sister, suggested in a scene of overwrought passion which, with its direction at the end for the curtain to "fall quickly," is all but indecent.

It is to be regretted, in regard to Oratorio, that, whether in consequence of the less importance attached to it now, or from whatever other cause, the race of great Oratorio singers is becoming, has in fact all but become, extinct. The younger generation do not know it, but it is the fact, that singers in Oratorio are now applauded to the echo whom thirty years ago we should have regarded as second-rate, and have listened to merely as substitutes for someone better. People are so apt to think that this is merely the delusion of the *laudator temporis acti*, that it is necessary to add that my impression in regard to instrumental music is exactly the reverse. There is a higher general standard of execution on the violin and pianoforte now than a quarter of a century ago, and a still more remarkable advance in the finish of orchestral playing. But the art of singing has gone down. For many years past Mr. (now Sir Charles) Santley took the bass part in *Messiah* at the Handel Festivals; at the last one, though he sang in *Elijah*, I suppose he did not feel equal to Handel's more exacting solos, and for the first time at those Festivals we heard "Why do the nations?" with the rapid triplet passages somewhat slurred and uncertain, instead of being sung in the clean-cut manner with which he used to give them. As to Sims Reeves, no one who did not hear him in the days of his full powers has any idea to what a height of artistic perfection Oratorio singing can be carried. And this decline in Oratorio singing must to some extent affect people's ideas as to the worth of Oratorio *versus* Opera. Noth-

ing I have ever heard in Opera has affected me like Reeves's singing of the recitative "Deeper and deeper still," and the air "Waft her, angels," out of *Jephtha*; those who have only heard that sung by present-day Oratorio tenors have practically not heard it at all; and the idea that anything like a scenic setting could have added to the effect of that performance would have been too absurd to entertain for a moment. But if Oratorio is ever to take the position it once held, the raising again of the standard of vocal execution must be one step towards it. In Madame Clara Butt we have still a great contralto singer, but there is no sign of any adequate successors in Oratorio to Sims Reeves and Sir Charles Santley. When we can have really great singers in Oratorio again, then we may still better maintain the position already suggested, that the highest style of vocal performance is independent of and superior to stage attractions. Can anyone seriously imagine that the immortal air, "Farewell, ye limpid springs," could gain anything in effect if sung by Jephtha's daughter in Jewish costume before a property altar of sacrifice; that "O ruddier than the cherry" would gain by being sung by a man made up as a Cyclops; or that the singer of "Lord God of Abraham" could put more effect into it by masquerading in the mantle of the prophet? Such songs are addressed to the feeling and imagination of the listener; to try to make them appeal to his visual organs also would merely be to drag them down from a poetic to a prosaic plane.

The Handel Society, to which reference has been made, however it may have been started with the view of illustrating Handel, has latterly somewhat deserted what should be its colors by devoting part of its limited number of concerts to works of the modern school which there are opportunities for hearing elsewhere, and thereby

perforce neglecting great and nearly forgotten works which it might and should have revived. Such is the baneful effect of the hue-and-cry raised against Handel by stupid critics, echoed by popular novelists who think they are showing discrimination in following the cry, that to my knowledge some of the very amateurs who give their services in the chorus of the Handel Society sneer at his compositions in private, and have apparently to be kept in good humor by giving them the sugar of modern music of the romantic school to gild the pill of Handelism. If this goes on, the Handel Society will lose its true *raison d'être*, and might as well disband. We are indebted to it in past days for having brought out some great and neglected works; notably for having given not very long ago a fine performance of Mozart's *Requiem*, a masterpiece so utterly neglected for years back that I have come across musicians and amateurs who did not even know a note of Mozart's greatest work—hardly even recognized its existence. But have the Society yet done all they might even for Handel, that they should forsake their programme for the introduction of modern compositions which there are other opportunities of hearing? Even among his oratorios there is much fine music that has hardly even been heard. And what of the Chandos Anthems? much larger compositions than we generally understand by that word; Church cantatas rather: totally unknown and neglected. And to come to compositions other than Handel's—what of Cherubini's *Requiem*, which Beethoven said should have been his model for a *Requiem*? And Graun's fine and pathetic oratorio, *Der Tod Jesu*? and Mozart's choral cantatas, "Ne Pulvis et Cinis" and "Splendente Te, Deus"; things which we never hear; which are forgotten as if they had never been; surely the Society might spend its time

better in reviving some of these than in doing works which are popularly known and can be heard elsewhere. Among more modern Oratorio works it might be thought that Spohr's *Last Judgment* was worth attention, and Sterndale Bennett's beautiful and spiritual little oratorio, *The Woman of Samaria*; and another greater work than either, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which seems to be regarded as dead and buried. I proposed this to a valued friend who is influential at the Handel Society; personally I think he agreed with me, but he said it would be "an impossible work now." Why? Apparently because it is wanting in what we call religious feeling; it is sacred music in an operatic style. So it is to some extent; so is Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* (even more so); but to deny that it is a great work is as absurd as if you were to deny that Titian's "Christ crowned with Thorns" is a great picture, because there is no religious feeling in it. Besides, I do not know that it is true of the whole work; there is real pathos in the opening chorus; in the bass air, "Pro peccatis"; and above all, in the great duet, "Quis est homo," one of the most perfect and impassioned things in music, the singing of which by Titiens and Trebelli forms one of my most precious musical recollections—such a piece of duet-singing as I never expect to hear again. And if the *Stabat Mater* is too operatic, is it to be forgotten that Rossini left behind him a *Messe Solennelle*, also a great work, in a far more church-like style? I was present at the first performance of this given in England after Rossini's death, in a lecture-room at Liverpool, with forty picked voices and a grand pianoforte; and have never forgotten my first hearing of the fugued chorus "Cum Sancto Spiritu"; it would open the eyes of the people who think Rossini could only write tunes. Surely the Handel So-

clety might let us hear that, at all events, if the *Stabat Mater* is too frivolous!

Let me conclude with a word or two about the last Handel Festival. The introduction of Mendelssohn into the programme may be excused on the ground that it was Mendelssohn's centenary year; but if, as I suspect, it was done rather with a view of appealing to a wider popular taste and drawing a larger audience, it was a fatal mistake, equally in aesthetics and in policy. Mendelssohn is not on the same plane as Handel, nor are his choral compositions calculated to realize the highest musical value of the Festival, that of enabling us to hear choral part-writing on a vast scale; nor is there, in Mendelssohn's case, the reason for Festival honors which exists in the case of Handel, who, though German by birth, is really and practically the greatest English composer. And to many of those who habitually attend these celebrations the intrusion of Mendelssohn was a bitter disappointment, and was sharply criticized. For the first time we missed hearing *Israel in Egypt* in complete form; and the selection from it left out three of the finest and most inspired of the original choruses, besides depriving us of the repetition of the great chorus, "I will sing unto the Lord," which Handel knew so well was worth hearing twice over. If the management, instead of giving us the first chorus out of *Samson*, "for the first time at the Festivals," had had the sense to give the entire oratorio, one of Handel's greatest, and which has never been given at the Festivals as a whole, they would have done a better work, and, in all probability, had a better attendance.

The weakness, in a musical point of view, of the Handel Festival performances has always been the want of proper proportion between the band and chorus, the band not being numer-

ous enough to maintain the proper balance between voices and instruments, or to enable the accompaniment figures to be sufficiently heard when the whole mass of the chorus are singing. This defect has been pointed out several times, and no effort seems to have been made to amend it, which seems rather stupid; but of course the cost of the performance would be considerably increased by enlarging the band, and the experiment would perhaps have been financially prohibitive; so one must recognize the difficulties of the case and be grateful for what we can get. There are always glorious effects to be heard; the mere sight of the vast semicircle of singers is an inspiring one; and the performance of the *Messiah* choruses at the Festival in 1909 was the finest I have ever heard there; in fact, the difficulty which one might suppose to exist in keeping so vast a body of singers together in an intricate fugued chorus seemed to have practically vanished, thanks in part to the admirable conducting of Dr. Cowen, who both on this and the last occasion gave proof of his exceptional qualifications as conductor of a large chorus.

The Handel-phobia of the *précieux* group of amateurs and critics is of course increased tenfold at the idea of an extra large chorus being got together to perform some of his works, and they seem hardly able to keep their temper in speaking of the Handel Festival and of those who find a grandeur in it. "We don't go *there!*" said a lady, with a sort of sniff of contempt, to a guest who admitted having been at the Handel Festival; the despised guest being a lady who was in fact a much better musician than her hostess. The newspaper critic who seems to be the spokesman of the party devoted an article at the time to scoffing at the whole thing, suggesting, among other things, that the Plague Choruses in *Israel* might at any rate be omitted,

"since we did not even know whether Handel wrote them." That the said critic did not know was obvious; he gave a naïve exhibition of his ignorance on a former occasion by describing "But as for his people" as "Stradella's delicious chorus"; the whole composition being Handel's, and in his best way, except the one little bit borrowed from a cantata attributed to Stradella. Any of the musical critics of this school might get at the truth by the same means that I did some years ago, viz. by going through *Israel* bar by bar, with the compositions from which Handel borrowed before me. But they will not take the trouble to do that; they do not want facts; what they want is an excuse for a fling at Handel, no matter whether the facts are correct or not.

Then we are told that Handel's works ought to be done with a few singers only, so that we may find out what is their real intrinsic merit; the insinuation evidently being that the bold bad men who go to Handel Festivals are such simpletons that they cannot distinguish between the intrinsic merit of a work and the added effect which it gains from performance on a great scale. I at least may claim to be out of that galley; for though I am an admirer of Mendelssohn, and think him absurdly underrated at present, I never was so conscious of the gulf which separates him from Handel as on the second day of the last Festival, when we had Mendelssohn following on Handel, with the same vast scale of performance for both. Every Handel Festival, if not ideal throughout (and of course the solos lose a great deal in

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that large space), presents point after point of overwhelmingly grand effect, fully worth going for, and which can be realized nowhere else in the world. It is all nonsense to say that scale has nothing to do with effect in choral music; you might as well say that there is nothing to choose between a parish church and a cathedral, if they were equally good architecture. In architecture as in music, scale is an important element of sublimity. I should think that I am one of the very last persons to follow or to be lured by mere popular taste in music; and I can say, most emphatically, that never have I felt exalted and carried away by anything in music as I have been by the last two pages of the "Amen" Chorus sung by that vast Handel Festival Chorus. The effect never wears off; Festival after Festival I have looked forward to hearing once more that glorious climax of answering voices, those grand chains of imitation passages, which, given out by hundreds of voices to each part, seem to hold one breathless with emotion, and actually to realize Milton's line:

And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
For those who can see nothing in this but matter for a cheap sneer, and who could indulge in a kind of spiteful chuckle at the idea that (for financial reasons) there would probably never be another Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace (a prognostication which has happily been falsified, for this occasion at all events), one can only feel a sincere compassion mingled with some little contempt. It is they who are the Philistines.

H. Heathcote Statham.

OF MEREDITH.

The completion of the Memorial Edition of the works of George Meredith with the issue of the bibliography and various readings, forming volume twenty-seven, suggests a review of the position occupied by his work as a whole, and the epoch of such a review is indicated by the fact that the works are still protected by copyright, and at the same time almost entirely unilluminated by biographical detail, to which most of our nineteenth-century authors—pre-eminently the Brontës, Scott, Dickens, Macaulay and Carlyle—but also, notwithstanding the biographical prohibition, Thackeray, owe so much. Had the Memorial Edition contained biographical details, or had it been supplied with literary or biographical commentaries, there is little reason to doubt that its circulation would have been vastly enlarged. As it is, the only commentary supplied is one of pictures, illustrating the illustrators of Meredith of various periods, and his successive homes at Weybridge, Hallford, Weybridge again. Esher, Copsham, Norbury, and Box Hill. The two fullest accounts, perhaps, of Meredith's early life are those given in the extremely compact and suggestive little monograph by Constantin Photiadès, and the necessarily summary but well-considered sketch of his career by Mr. Chisholm in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." When it is stated that both of these writers are indebted for nearly all their facts to a ten-page article of Recollections contributed to the *Fortnightly* by Mr. Edward Clodd, the frugal biographical fare in regard to Meredith upon which the public have hitherto been compelled to subsist, can be roughly inferred. The extremely narrow limits of the "Encyclopædia" article are in themselves suggestive in the highest degree, when it

is remembered that the author of this article was in the exceptional position of being his own editor. The forthcoming issue of Meredith Letters will, perhaps, create a new epoch. We shall at any rate in eight months or so have something a good deal more substantial in the way of fabric to work upon. Meredith is probably one of the most impersonal of modern writers. He tells us little of himself in his writings. For navigators on the sea of Meredithian biography there are no lights and no moorings—the buoys would seem to have been carefully sunk; but this with one singular exception. The whimsical case of "Evan Harrington" is to a large extent self-revelatory. The great Mel, the Lympport tailor who kept horses, had gallant adventures, masqueraded once half-involuntarily at the Bath as a marquis and shook hands with his customers—this Lympport mixture of Mirabeau and Alcibiades was a heightened portrait of the novelist's own grandfather, whose very name, Melchisedec Meredith, had been over the outfitter's shop in Portsmouth High Street, referred to by O'Brien in "Peter Simple." He was actually a churchwarden, and, like his counter-type in the book, was buried "in his uniform," that of a lieutenant of militia. Evan is a composition, a more or less idealized portrait, for George Meredith's father seems to have been rather a feeble shadow of the great Mel, though he, too, is said to have been once taken for a foreign count in disguise. But the three sisters to whom the great Mel taught heraldry and match-making were all easily identifiable portraits of the novelist's paternal aunts, and the elaborate efforts of these distinguished ladies to dodge "Demi-gorgon" must have had a foreshadowing in some recondite area of

a deep, auriferous family tradition.

Meredith revelled in the irony, the spirit of comedy, and the chorus of imps, who attend those who maintain in their life any species of elaborate imposture, with a zest and freedom in this book unrivalled again in his writing until we arrive at the zenith of his power, when he created the "Egoist" in 1879. "Evan" was written just upon twenty years earlier. After the ill-requited self-skinning of 1860, he maintained an obstinate silence. The most he would tell his faithful Admiral (the former "Sir Reynard") when the incidence of the census seem to demand an infraction of his general rule of reticence was that he was born near Petersfield, and even that seems to have been intentionally misleading. For it appears well-nigh certain that he was born in Portsmouth. The interaction of life and work would have greatly humanized the novelist's works for us. As it is, they remain, too much, novels of pure idea. The tenderness and the simple faith, the trusting beauty of Emilia ("Sandra Belloni"), suggest early sorrow and buffeting with hard facts in life; but we know nothing. When the biographical key falls us, we turn in our need to commentary and internal evidence. Much can be done and has been done here in the way of exposition (Sturge Henderson) and primer (Moffatt). But the burden of Meredith is still very hard to be borne by those who evidently feel the study of his novels to be an intellectual duty. A modern American anatomist of the English novel (Richard Burton by name) seems in his funny, never-quite-fathomable American phrase to assign to Meredith a primacy in fiction. As a vesture, of course, the novel does not suit Meredith. A *penseur* of an almost unique type, who inclines to treat English as a learned language and sees the universe as a world of words, words peculiar to himself, the unusual, uneasy

words of a solitary Euphues of the nineteenth century and after, the fact that he should have persistently aimed at conveying what Montaigne, Pascal, Courier, Carlyle, Emerson, Heine, Schopenhauer, Browning, Pater conveyed through any or every other means, is a rare compliment to the novel as a dominating literary *milieu*. As with "Marius" or "Loss and Gain," the novel form of "The Egoist" may seem something of a fortuitous accident. Most of the criticism of the novels for their cragginess is therefore inept. Thinkers are always aliens in the world of pleasure, among the leisured who have time to indulge in the make-believe existence of fiction. Macaulay managed to obtrude history upon these latitudes. So "Diana" has a place in the equipage of elegance and is canvassed in circles among which the very name of Spinoza would excite panic. A poet and a thinker moving in a Congreve attitude through the salons of the great and giving us scenes of prose fiction in a style in which metaphor and simile are heaped upon a writhing compost of complexity, Meredith is a figure solitary and unique even in a chronicle of literary eccentricity. He despises, he will not even pretend to attempt, the ventriloquial efforts of ordinary fiction—and yet he will not consent to be left alone. He piques the curiosity, he delights a small circle so intensely that almost against their will they propagandize his wares. Not even Browning has found such strenuous interpreters. About no modern writer perhaps do the half-initiated cherish such strange delusions. They shelter themselves against the imputation of "no-Meredith" by a rapid reading of two, or at the most three, of the master's "representative best"—such as "Feverel," "The Egoist," "Diana"—where they might at least equally as well choose "Rhoda Fleming," "Beauchamp" and "Harry Richmond" (to me,

I think, the most quintessential of them all.) They commonly think of Meredith as the most uneven, fallible, and uncertain of artists, whereas exactly the converse is the plain truth. From 1862, in which year the *Spectator* discovered his "low ethical tone," and from which year the modern critic dates the plenitude of his power (though even before this he had written "Feverel" and "Evan Harrington") right down to "The Amazing Marriage," there is hardly a falter, hardly a ripple indeed in the curve of his lofty cerebration and rarified expression. Equally deficient in sentiment and in cynicism it is hard to say whether youth or age is the more congenial to him. His aphorisms, after all, are hardly more than the dust of his intellect. Such equability of mind-force as Meredith's is probably without a parallel in letters. A leader, inspirer and prince, among writers and among men (whose higher life and aspiration thereto is his exclusive concern), he is in both capacities, man and writer, one impossible to take liberties with. His altitudes, no doubt, repel the multitude, who resent his fatal superiority. But their coldness is more than compensated by the active and jealous allegiance of an honorable, growing, and devout minority.

There is so much to learn about this man—we do not know yet quite where

The Eye-Witness.

to take him, what to disregard, how to focus his work, on what lines to proceed in the discrimination of his values! But it is probable to us that Meredith, with his rapier, will come to stand somewhere near Shakespeare and Cervantes, not so very far behind, one of the modest band of *noblesse oblige* on their storm-peak of Parnassus, negligent of the multitude and its attentions, assuming the interest of a race of mortals whose flesh and fibre must be wrought to a somewhat finer issue than our own, with affinities in varying eras, and whose watchword, strenuous though it is, men ages hence will be increasingly assiduous to discover, to hold up, to learn to obey with laughter and with reverence.

Meredith's backward and forward reach is amazing. It amuses me to think that he might have met Sydney Smith in the flesh, and what that somewhat fleshy but most delightful divine might have said to him. If Meredith had ever invited me to a party I could have replied to him in the terms addressed by Sydney to the rising sun of 1842. "My dear Dickens,—I accept your obliging invitation conditionally. If I am invited by any man of greater genius than yourself, or one by whose works I have been more completely interested, I will repudiate you and dine with the more splendid phenomenon of the two."

Thomas Secombe.

THE YAMEN PRISONER.

The pleasantest part of the day was over. Pointed shadows lay across the yellow roadway and a little wind had arisen, puffing up the dust. The huge pile of wood and masonry that formed the city gates was crudely painted in black and white to represent the muzzles of cannon that should strike terror into the heart of any foe approach-

ing the walls, and an English girl glanced up at it with a smile as she turned her pony homewards. To her it stood for an emblem of the old rotten form of civilization that still held sway within. Her father was Consul of a flourishing port in another province, and at her earnest entreaty had allowed her to stay with a friend in

this cold, unawakened city of Ch'ang-ming-hsien, five days from the railway. She knew China better than she knew her native land, but she had lived most of her life in the ports, and had never before been so far into the interior, where the past, with its dead, was worshipped, and the present allowed to slip by unheeded. It was recorded that this city had been in existence in the days of Tsin Chi-hwangti, who built the Myriad Mile Wall, and its traditions and usages were age-old. A foreigner was like a breath from an outer world stirring the dust of men's minds as the evening air stirred that of the streets. But the dust soon settled again. Progress was not allowed to disturb the peace of Ch'ang-ming-hsien. The upstart foreigner was still hated.

Helen Braithwaite was fairly conversant with the ways of a Chinese city, yet there were things to which she could never grow accustomed, which she could never accept with equanimity. One of these was the exhibition of prisoners outside the Mandarin's residence. On going out she had ridden round another way to avoid it, but now she thought that this had been a weak-minded thing to do. She could neither help nor hurt them by passing them in the public street, and, as to herself, the fact that she did not actually see them did not wipe the knowledge of their existence from her mind. She would not flee from them again, but she decided that she would not look in their direction as she passed.

It was the groom who had told her that the criminals were outside the Yamen, accompanying his words with a glance of sharp curiosity. At the prompt reply, "Then I will go the other way!" the man's face had returned to passivity with a tinge of relief. Now, when he saw his mistress take the wide road that passed the official resi-

dence, his face changed again, and a look of uneasiness came into it.

Under the mud wall of the Yamen compound a long row of prisoners sat exposed to public view in the ignominy of the stocks. At first sight they appeared to be sitting hand in hand, but a second glance showed that the hands that touched were bound together. Each man's neck was enclosed in a big square board, heavy and unmanageable, that tilted this way and that to the prisoner's extreme distress. The wide wooden collar lent them a grotesque air, as if they were pierrots in some sinister troupe of comedians.

If the girl thought that she could ride by without looking at them, she had not learnt the power of that which is repellent to attract the eye. She was forced to look, could not keep her eyes from them, though they were not an edifying sight. She glanced at each human bead upon the string, her pity evident in her face. The mafuo watched her alertly. He saw her eyes move slowly from one to another of the miserable depraved faces. Then she pulled up short at sight of a man near the end of the line, and sat staring. The prisoner who had attracted her eyes gazed back vaguely. He looked more pierrot-like than the rest, because his features were more strongly marked. He was sitting in the same position as the others, with a hand out on either side coupled to the hands of his neighbors, and the back of his wooden collar resting against the wall. He wore the blue cotton clothing of the poor, calico stockings that had once been white, and black cloth shoes. But only at a casual glance could he have been taken for a Chinese; one surprised stare was enough for a compatriot. But he took longer to place her, for the brain behind the vague eyes was very slow. He had suffered so many experiences on the other side of the mud wall that for the moment he thought

that the angel of death was riding towards him in the guise of an Englishwoman. Then he comprehended. A look of desperate intensity came into his eyes, and the heart under the blue poo coat began to patter with excitement when he saw that she had pulled up, dismounted, and was coming towards him.

She stooped over him, questioning in a clear, anxious voice. He turned his eyes away and compressed his lips.

"What can I do?"

In the silence she tapped her switch impatiently against her foot.

"Nothing," he said at last. "Better not try."

"But I'm going to try. Tell me what's the best thing."

"Go away—and forget."

His voice discouraged her, but when he lifted his eyes they implored.

She stepped back a pace, for she had never before seen the eyes of a trapped animal look out of a disciplined English face.

He saw her compassion. He tried to say, "Don't risk yourself." He struggled to utter the words, but he did not know if they were ever audible. A mist floated over. The face before him became blurred, but making an effort not to allow himself to be dragged into unconsciousness he fought his way back to the light, and saw her still standing before him. Her face had changed; horror was upon it, and he guessed that she had seen his wrists. He could not see them himself because of the wide board round his neck, but he knew what they felt like and how they must appal her eyes. For the bonds had cut into them, and sand, which was always blowing along the ground, had got into the wounds. And as he watched her face he saw the horror melt into pity, so deep that he thought that it must be like the face of the Madonna when she gazed upon wounded Hands.

"Oh, how can I help you?" she cried.

Through all that had been sent him to endure he had remained master of himself, but now he began to quiver. He could not hide his hands from her sight, nor his blanched face. The board slipped and jarred his raw neck. He remembered his unkempt condition, his horrible clothes, his companions. The vicinity of the Yamen was no place for an English girl to set foot. He saw the Madonna eyes looking into his and felt fingers close round his own.

"My friend, I will try to do something, so be on the lookout. Where do they put you at night?"

But the mists were coming over him again. She was lost in the darkness. He gathered himself for an effort, and uttered words which he thought must be his last: "I'm Arthur Lyndon—if any one should ask.—All my own fault."

Her hand came down heavily upon his shoulder as she tried to rouse him. "Where do they put you at night?" she asked again. But there was no answer.

Steps sounded on the other side of the wall. "The mafoo, who had been waiting impatiently beside the ponies, said, "Some one is coming."

She turned to her pony, and the groom, with ready wit, picked up the near fore-foot and began to dig at it with his finger.

"It was a stone," he said. "The koeneun was right. He will not be lame any more."

Two or three officials and underlings came out of the Yamen compound into the road.

"If there was only one stone in all China, this pony would pick it up," said Helen clearly.

The mafoo knelt on one knee, and offered the other for her to mount by. She was quickly in the saddle. The official and his followers bowed to her. She considered this a liberty, and only

responded distantly for the sake of the man under the wall. She dared not look at him. She waited for an instant in case he found some way of telling her where he was housed, but as no word came she rode slowly on. The others looked after her and then at the prisoner. He had fallen forward with the edge of the board resting upon his knees, and his head drooping. As he made no answer to contemptuous remarks or even to a kick, it was evidently a mere coincidence that the foreign woman's pony should have fallen lame at this particular spot.

Since a situation like this would have been impossible in an enlightened treaty port, its difficulties did not immediately reveal themselves.

Her missionary host and his wife were the only foreigners in the city, and but a few days before Mr. Bemberry had started off on a fortnight's tour in a remote district. He had told Helen that he would not have gone if his wife had not had a friend with her, for though he trusted his household implicitly, he could not have left her and his children alone. A messenger would take two or three days to reach him.

There remained Mrs. Bemberry, her school friend, charming, impetuous, nervous, and unwise. Helen felt that if she told her what she had seen Lucy would immediately talk about it to the servants, and news that plans were afoot for the foreign prisoner's escape would leak back to the Yamen. Mr. Bemberry was a strong man with a weak wife. He had taken their destinies and those of his wavering converts into his big, honest hands, and Helen would have been glad to have put the prisoner's future there also. If word came to the Mandarin that the foreigners had knowledge of him and were planning his escape, he would never see the outside of the Yamen again, of that she felt sure.

She sounded the groom.

"They seem to think that they can treat a foreigner as they treat a coolie! Has the Mandarin run mad that he does such a thing?"

The man turned aside and muttered something under his breath.

"What are you saying?"

He replied that he had said nothing.

She rode on, occupied by her own thoughts. Presently she said, "What reason could the Mandarin have had to do such a thing? How dare he treat a foreigner like that?"

Again the mafoo muttered.

"But what has he done?"

The answer was, "He has committed a crime, and he is now enduring punishment for it."

"What crime?" she demanded.

"I would not like to tell you."

The man's face was devoid of all expression; it was a mask of innocence. She knew the Chinese well enough to understand that he would not tell what he knew, and also that he considered the prisoner guilty of some horrible offence.

"We must get him away," she said. "I suppose money will do it."

There was no reply.

"Ch'ing, if I give you twenty dollars, will you go to the gate-keeper at the Yamen and make him let the prisoner go?"

Ch'ing muttered that the affair was not his business.

"No, but the chance of earning twenty dollars surely concerns you. You must go to-night."

Again silence.

"I will make it forty," said Helen. "If the foreigner is brought safely to the Mission by ten o'clock."

"It cannot be done," said the groom, and muttered again.

"It is surely possible. A handful of dollars will unlock any door."

"Not his!"

"Ch'ing, you are in my father's serv-

ice as mafoo. He chose you as my escort to travel to this city because he trusted you so well. Anything you do for us will not be unrewarded."

She had a mind to offer him any sum he might choose to name to do the work; then realized that if forty dollars and an appeal to his devotion could not persuade him, Ch'ing was not to be persuaded. He began a rigmorole. In a long flight of metaphors, confused and intricate, he answered her as politely and firmly as he knew how. His head knocked the ground before her father's feet. When his master smiled, the sun was in the sky. He prosed on, belauding every foreigner of his acquaintance, belittling his own nation, saying that the Chinese were mean indeed compared to the English, and much to be despised. And whenever he made a remark derogatory to his own people, he turned aside and qualified it with some contemptuous parallel concerning foreigners, good manners forbidding him to speak this aloud, but the necessity for saving his face compelling him to utter it. She did not heed him, and he tailed off into silence, having made his meaning perfectly clear without ever alluding to the matter in hand.

It was obvious to her that nothing would induce him to help, and she also saw that he considered that the Englishman had committed some heinous offence. This possibility had not occurred to her, and the idea shocked her into wondering whether it might not be better to leave him where he was to work out his punishment. She did not want a *rôle* in this piece, nor any responsibility concerning it. At the moment she only wished to take the advice of its principal actor, "Go away and forget."

"When is he to be set free?" she asked.

"He is to be put back into the cangue at daybreak."

"He's in the cangue now—that wooden thing?"

And the answer was, "No, the iron cangue."

Helen went very white. She had once seen a man in the cangue. Long ago, on her way home from a party, going through the Chinese city of a flourishing treaty port, she had come upon a large crowd in one of the open spaces of the town, and had pushed her way to the front, supposing that she should see some exhibition of conjuring. And instead there was the spectacle of a prisoner being tortured. The man was so near to death—the death of the cangue—that his face looked unhuman. Was he who sat on the ground outside the Yamen wall to end like that?

She felt that the first thing to do was to convince Ch'ing that she had no desire to set him free. So she said regretfully, "Perhaps you are right. If he is so wicked, he had better stay where he is. I quite realize that the guilty must be punished," and she trotted swiftly home.

So he had been in the cangue already. That alone was enough to account for his wretchedness. He had been hung up with an iron collar round his neck, and just his toes touching the floor: this in the expiation of some crime. He was allowed a little respite that he might not become too deadened to suffer. A day in the air in the thief's collar, and a night's rest, and he would be sufficiently recovered to entertain a large circle of spectators next day. She knew that the Yamen punishments are frequently looked upon in the light of shows.

She burned first with indignation, then with pity. Did he know that he was going back to the cangue? Did he count the hours of misery until a greater misery came? He was a brave man, or so she concluded, but he could do nothing for himself, and help must reach him by morning if it were to be

of any use. She remembered how his lips had closed when she questioned him, and how his eyes had implored, belying his silence. He could keep the door of his lips, but he could not guard the windows of his eyes. Messages flew out of them, beseeching to be saved, telling her how dear was liberty, how painful the thief's collar, how young he was to die. O, what had he done to bring him to this, and what could she do to restore him?

She felt an unreasoning anger against the combination of circumstances that had laid this burden of knowledge upon her and denied her a confederate with whom to share it. This was not a woman's job. It was a piece of work for half a dozen men, well-armed. The Mandarin must know that the missionary was away, otherwise the prisoner would never have been exhibited in the street. Evidently they had not expected a foreigner to pass the Yamen; Lucy would never have gone near the place.

What could she do? Nothing, probably, but suffer a horrid suspense and anxiety, and then think of something when it was too late. The slow evening dragged by, and every moment it grew more apparent that her hostess was not one who could help her. It was nearly time for the annual visit to Pei-ta-hoa, a gay watering-place on the Gulf of Chi-li, and Mrs. Bemberry was looking forward to this holiday with the ardor of one who lives in a city in the Interior for eleven months in the year. Friendships and intercourse with fellow-countrymen were about to be renewed after this long interval, and it was no wonder that there was delighted anticipation and extensive preparation beforehand.

"Oh," said Mrs. Bemberry, "when I get to Pei-ta-hoa it's all so free and lovely that I feel as if I were just out of prison, Helen—out of prison!"

The word startled.

By ten o'clock the house was quiet, and Helen was glad to be alone. She had made no plans and felt incapable of making any.

Her room was detached from the main building of the house and looked across the compound to the servants' quarters, where lights winked for a few minutes and then darkened. Helen moved the lamp upon the table beside her so that it threw her shadow upon the paper window. Then she took down her hair and made a deliberate pantomime of undressing. This was for the benefit of any whom the mafoo might have informed of her wish to help the prisoner. Then she moved the light so that the shadow was thrown behind her, twisted up her hair again, and got ready to go out. No plans were possible, so she merely determined to take all the money that she had and try what a bribe would do. She would knock at the Yamen gate and endeavor to buy over the janitor. Perhaps the Englishman's bonds were loosed at night, or his jailors particularly susceptible to the chink of silver. The prisoner, on his part, might have been able to do something to help. She had a wild idea that she would take some disguise, wrap him in it, and bring him away unrecognized. But this was foolishness. It was better to stake all upon a single throw and trust to the power of money and the peccability of greed. She put the dollars and a flask into a bag, and then with a dark cloak over her white dress crossed the compound to the cook-house for some food, for she had no doubt that the prisoner would be starving. On the table lay the cook's knife, a long, thin blade with a deadly point, of the sort that coolies carry sheathed with the chop-sticks at their side. The moonlight gleamed upon it, and Helen had a sudden delusion that the thing was conscious, and that it was trying to catch her eye. She had already re-

gretted that she had no revolver. She considered for a moment, and then tossed the knife into the bag.

The Mission gate-keeper unbarred for her with surprise.

"I am going on an important errand," she said. "There is an Englishman detained in the Yamen, and I am going to effect his release."

The man said that he did not think that his master would wish the "koeneun" to be out alone in the night.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"Then come with me," said Helen quickly.

"I keep the gate."

"Who will come between eleven and midnight? Your wife can open for us when we come back."

"I—I must keep the gate."

"Very well. If I do not return by the early dawn, come to the Yamen for news of me, and send word to the Jowsher at once."

Philippa Bridges.

(To be concluded.)

THE MINIMUM WAGE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The legislative enforcement of a minimum wage in the mining industry is not a phenomenon that can be treated as complete in itself. A writer in last week's *Nation* rightly pointed out that "It must be understood as a preliminary declaration that the Government of this country will require that all industries must be conducted so as to yield a reasonable minimum wage to all efficient employes. . . . We are passing from the era in which the subsistence of any class of our working population can be left to the uncontrolled fluctuations of supply and demand and the higgling of the market." I entirely agree that this is the tendency of economic thought and action, and that it is a tendency that is bound to be strongly reinforced by the imposition of a minimum wage upon one of the largest, the best paid, and the most powerfully organized industries that we possess. If there is nothing absolutely novel in the underlying principle, its application on such a scale and in such circumstances is none the less a stupendous innovation, an innovation so stupendous as to lead most people for the first time to examine the theoretical foundations on which it rests. What

are the purpose and justification of establishing a minimum wage by the authority and under the sanctions of the State? The answer most commonly given is that nothing more closely touches the interests of the community as a whole than that its wage-earners should be in a position to maintain themselves and their families in decent surroundings and a state of mental and physical vitality. With that proposition everyone, I take it, will cordially agree; nor is there likely to be much dissent from the view that a minimum wage is a possible and effective means to the end in view. The logical deduction would be an Act of Parliament guaranteeing to every employé, in general terms, a sufficiency of food, clothing, accommodation, and so on, leaving it to the local authorities and to trade boards to translate this sufficiency into a cash value according to the varying conditions of each district and each industry. That is the ideal of the Socialists, and we may come to it in the end. But for the present and for many years yet we are much more likely to proceed piecemeal fashion and to extend the minimum wage from one industry to another as necessity drives.

We shall not, in other words, make a policy of the minimum wage. We shall hold it up as a concession to be granted under pressure of so much agitation and so much compulsion. We shall not treat it as a desirable addition to our economic framework, as an essential part of a wide and definite plan of social and industrial reconstruction, to be advocated and introduced with constant and conscious reference to an improved and more equitable civilization. We shall on the contrary regard it as an expedient for quieting trade disturbances when they have passed beyond a certain limit of public harmfulness—an expedient to be carefully adjusted to the conditions and capacities of each particular industry. Not what the nation needs, but what each trade can bear will, in short, be the principle on which the minimum wage seems likely to be enforced on the leading British industries.

But however haphazard our methods of advance, and whether a positive ideal or a grudging surrender to pressure governs our action, a minimum wage, once established, is bound to entail some considerable consequences. The poor pay heavily for most things but heaviest of all for "social reform"; and it is one of the mournful results of our present industrial disorganization that the general good can only be secured at the cost of individual hardships. Workmen's Compensation Acts throw many men out of work; the benefits of Insurance Acts in instance after instance are counterbalanced by diminished wages. So, too, the introduction of a minimum wage cannot, and will not, prove an unmixed blessing. On whatever basis it is regulated, it is bound at first to increase the volume of unemployment. Owners and managers will find themselves driven at once to offset an anticipated increase in expenses by cutting down their staff and by seeking a greater economy of pro-

duction through a greater technical efficiency. Most businesses are overcrowded in the sense that they employ more men than are actually required, that aged or infirm workmen are kept on long after they are capable of earning their wages, and that improved methods and appliances remain unadopted because they will involve the dismissal of employes. It is a great and a very common error in discussing these matters to forget human nature. There is probably no employer in the kingdom who could not, if forced to it, better the organization of his mine or factory, his railway or his shop, and get along with fewer hands. The minimum wage will probably oblige him to adopt both devices, and after the first shock of the transitional stage is over it may even be found that the cost of production has been in no wise raised. It is true that the factors here touched upon—a higher average wage on the one side and greater efficiency and fewer employes on the other—are not the only factors in the problem. There is the question of output. A laborer who after a hard day's work finds that he has earned only a little more than the guaranteed minimum will naturally be tempted to content himself with a little less money for far less work; and in industries such as mining, where supervision is exceedingly difficult, the result may be a decreased output. But this tendency will be to some extent counteracted by the stimulus that will be given to the men whose normal earnings are below the minimum to improve their working capacity. There will be a rapid weeding out of the shirkers, the aged, and the non-efficient, and in this way a day's wage may more nearly approximate to a day's work. In industries therefore that do not depend on sweated labor it is not by any means certain that the minimum wage would really add to the cost of production or would result in

a diminished output. That both these consequences would be claimed to have followed as a reason for justifying an advance in prices to the consumer is probable enough. But whether they will actually follow is another and much more open question. What however is indisputable is that the establishment of a minimum wage must throw large numbers of men out of work. Wherever it is enforced it will tend to separate the employables from the unemployables, and its extension to the parasitic trades that only exist by employing artificially cheapened labor would involve extinguishing them altogether. Both of these results may be socially beneficial, but both will entail a vast amount of individual suffering.

I wonder whether the miners' leaders have thought out all the other consequences that must ensue from the State enforcement of a minimum wage determined under State auspices. They no doubt rely upon the influence of the trade-unions to prevent the minimum wage from becoming the average standard wage; but it is at least exceedingly arguable whether in the industrial conditions of this country, and with an appallingly large supply of semi-casual labor always on hand, their confidence will be justified. The rigidity of a minimum wage, the difficulty of making the inevitable exceptions and of accommodating it to the special circumstances of this and that mine or district and of this and that grade of miners, make it everything but an assured thing that labor will ultimately gain. In certain ways it may be asserted with some positiveness that it will lose. The State regulation of wages must for one thing, and I think inevitably, lead to the State regulation of much else. I am not going to discuss whether the

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Government has done well or ill in not taking steps to avoid a future breach of the financial compact it is now seeking to impose upon owners and miners. But it is very clear that such steps will have to be taken sooner or later. In any industry where the State fixes a minimum wage, but particularly in an industry that has it in its power to paralyze the whole industrial life of the country, the State must in the long run provide for the enforcement of the agreement it has sanctioned. It is doubtful whether, having once enacted wages, it will not also be driven to determine the detailed conditions of employment and to settle by direct intervention pretty nearly all the issues that arise between employers and employed. It is certain that, having imposed peace, it must provide against an outbreak of war. But no provision with this object can be effective if it does not include the virtual abolition of strikes, the establishment of compulsory arbitration, and the power of fining both employers and employed for violations of a State-made treaty. These are developments that the great body of working-men passionately detest. Yet they are brought unescapably nearer when the Government is compelled or invited to clothe a certain rate of wages with legislative authority. Just as Free-traders do not at present realize that an industry which is forced to adopt a minimum wage presents a case for protection that cannot be met by any of the current arguments in their arsenal, so it is possible that the Labor leaders do not foresee that the adjustment of wages, whether at first or second hand, by the State, must in the end lead to severe restrictions being placed on some of the powers and privileges that the trade-unions at present enjoy.

Sydney Brooks.

"THE LITTLE FOXES."

This was a wisdom that Solomon said
In a garden of citron and roses red,
A word he wove, where his gray apes played,
In the rhyme he strung for love of a maid;
Thus went his learning, most discerning,
Thus he sang of his old designs,
"Take us the foxes—little foxes,
Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines!"

(Though Solomon never since he was born
Had heard the twang of a huntsman's horn,
Killing his foxes, so I'll be bound,
Without the help of a horse or hound,
Still down the ages, this his sage's
Word with gallanter meaning shines,
When we take foxes, little foxes,
Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines!)

So when the morn hangs misty now
Where the grass shows never a patch of plough,
Hark to the cry on the spruce-crowned hill,
For Solomon's wisdom is working still;
Hark to the singing voices flinging,
White sterns waving among the pines,
All for the foxes—little foxes,
Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines.

The lift of a cap at the cover side,
A thud of hoofs in a squelchy ride,
And the pack is racing a breast-high scent
Like a shadow cloud o'er a windy bent!
Customer cunning—full of running,
Never a moment the game declines;
Thus are the foxes—little foxes,
Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines.

So it's afternoon, and eight miles away
That beat, dead-weary and stiff with clay
A tired mask, set for a distant whin,
Is turned on Death with a brigand grin!
There by the paling, wet brush trailing,
Still he bares them his lips' long lines;
So die the foxes—little foxes,
Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines.

The Loss of the "Titanic."

This was the wisdom that Solomon made
 In a garden of citron and almug shade,
 That a man and a horse might find them fun
 Wherever the little dog-foxes run,
 Since of his meaning we've been gleaning,
 Since we've altered his old designs,
 All about foxes—little foxes,
 Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines!

Punch.

THE LOSS OF THE "TITANIC."

The appalling loss of life in the "Titanic" and the story of what is in some ways the most terrible wreck in the history of shipping have not only compelled the emotion of the whole world, but have turned both Great Britain and the United States to wide and solemn searchings of heart. The destruction of the largest ship afloat on her maiden voyage, of a ship reputed to be unsinkable, of a ship followed everywhere with admiring thoughts as the last word in ingenuity, in luxury, and in the impressive accomplishments of science, brings to every thoughtful person a deep sense of powerlessness, of smallness, and humility. Even in these moments of crushing personal sorrow one is conscious—perhaps only to deepen the sorrow—of the overwhelming reverses of human confidence. One thinks of the flattering tales of the immensity of this pride of the ocean, with her restaurants and cafés and sun-parlors and Roman baths and racquet court and private suites of cabins; one contemplates the ineffectualness of it all against the great hidden elements of nature and the sudden stroke of fate, and one feels inclined to sit in sackcloth and ashes.

All the life-boats carried by the "Titanic" were picked up by the "Carpathia," and the passengers in them—chiefly women and children—were saved. Although there was a slight

swell there was no wind, and one cannot possibly escape from the conclusion that if there had been enough boats all the passengers might have been saved. Most people have learned with astonishment that it is possible for a ship like the "Titanic" to pass the Board of Trade tests with an insufficient number of boats. They had supposed hitherto that the invariable rule was "boat-room for every passenger." The fact is that the Board of Trade regulations are quite out of date. They have not been revised (except in unimportant particulars in 1900 and 1911) since 1902. They were then framed under powers conferred in 1894. It was assumed that vessels larger than 10,000 tons were unlikely to be built. The rule, we believe, is that ships of 10,000 tons and upwards must carry at least sixteen boats "under davits," representing 5,500 cubic feet contents. The "Titanic" probably had more boats "under davits" than the law required. But when one remembers that the "Titanic" was of 46,000 tons, and that she put to sea under regulations which did not contemplate the building of ships very much larger than 10,000 tons, one is simply indignant and ashamed at the slowness of the Board of Trade to keep abreast of the times. We believe that the French rule is what most people supposed it to be here, "Boat-room for every passenger." We wish to avoid

all exaggeration. It is useless to cry out against the White Star Company as though a crime had been committed. Not a single British company, we believe, would have had a better equipment of boats, and some would have had a much worse one.

Let us look into the matter a little more closely. According to the Board of Trade regulations, which we see conveniently set forth in the *Manchester Guardian*, there must, of course, be life-saving appliances besides boats. One life-belt must be carried for every person, and must be capable of floating for twenty-four hours with fifteen pounds of iron attached to it. A life-buoy must be carried for every boat under davits and have a ninety-foot line attached to it. But the boats in the davits do not even under the Board of regulations exhaust the number of boats that may have to be carried. If the boats in the davits do not provide room for all the passengers on board, there must be additional boats—which may be collapsible or of metal—or rafts. These additional boats need not be kept on deck, where they might encumber the work of the crew. Unfortunately here again there is a minimum standard which never contemplated the carrying of so many passengers as were in the "Titanic." When the boats under davits and the additional boats required by law have been added together they need not exceed twenty-four in all. However many the "Titanic" had they were not enough.

Even in fixing the minimum of additional boats to be carried the Board of Trade takes into account the construction of the ship in respect of bulkheads and watertight compartments. Such a vessel as the "Titanic" is assumed to be for practical purposes unsinkable. We know now that this is a delusion; a "Titanic" or "Olympic" may meet with an accident which will sink her as quickly as the much smaller

"Oceana" was sunk the other day—a rare accident, it is true, but still always possible. We ought, however, to remember when we are bestowing blame that this theory of virtual unsinkability has been acted on by the Marine Department of the Board of Trade and constructors alike when the question of the number of additional boats to be carried has been discussed. The argument has run somewhat in this fashion. If a storm were bad enough to sink the "Titanic" no small boats could live in such a sea, and, therefore, it is immaterial whether there are few or many. Further, it is impossible for the "Titanic" to sink quickly even if she could sink at all; and as wireless telegraphy would bring other ships hurrying up to the rescue the chief use of boats is to ferry passengers from one ship to another, and for that purpose a large number of boats is quite unnecessary. And this point is reinforced by the consideration that a multiplication of boats is in itself a danger. You cannot lower a great many boats at the same time. A boat needs sea-room; if there were many boats being dashed against one another alongside the ship disaster would be certain. We do not say that such an argument is any excuse for the failure to have enough boats or rafts—we distinctly think that it is not—but it is an explanation of why the conditions of disaster were accepted. The truth is, as we said the other day in writing about the "Oceana," that every passenger ship puts to sea with the assumption that disaster will not happen. Far too much is taken for granted. The whole subject ought now to be threshed out and the proper provision of boats or rafts insisted on for ships of whatsoever size they may be. Even if seamen declare it impossible to manage more than an inadequate number of life-boats, we cannot see why other means of life-saving should not be per-

fect, such, for example, as having the top deck entirely detachable, so that in the last resort it could be floated off in sections, each of which would be a duly equipped raft. As for increasing the buoyancy of the ship herself we do not know whether experiments which are being tried with submarines would be possible with ships of great size. Perhaps not; the inflation of special floats in an emergency would probably not be possible on a large scale. But, however that may be, it is necessary seriously to meet the tragically established fact that all the bulkheads of the largest ship in the world may be so damaged, strained, or knocked away that she will sink just like a cheaply built tramp steamer.

Many other questions are raised by the disaster, but it is impossible to do more than mention them. It should be considered, for example, whether it is really worth while to save time by running through a zone where floating ice may be met even on rare occasions. With wireless telegraphy a more circuitous route to the south might soon become tolerable even to the most impatient operator in Wall Street. Another question is the manageability of these huge modern ships. We do not

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profess to have a decided opinion. Seamen themselves are divided, and there are no doubt advantages and disadvantages. It is certain, however, that one of the disadvantages of a 50,000-ton ship travelling at well over twenty knots is that she cannot easily avoid an object suddenly sighted in her track unless it be seen almost half a mile away. A "growler," or submerged iceberg just awash, would be extraordinarily difficult to detect, moreover, from the towering bridge of the "Titanic." In contact with ice the greater the bulk of the ship the more terrible is the impact. Steel, so far from being a protection by reason of its great strength, magnifies the shock by its lack of resiliency and conveys it from stem to stern. All ships built for ice-work are of wood. Finally, we trust that if it be true that the heavy crop of false rumors about the wreck, bringing infinite pain to the relations of those on board, should be traceable to the operations of amateur wireless telegraphists the American Government will quickly take steps to bring the practice of wireless telegraphy under control. The amateur sends superfluous message and impairs the transit of those which are of vital importance.

THE BUDGET.

It is difficult to say whether a surplus is real or artificial, unless one is in the inner ring of Somerset House and the Treasury. The six millions and a half by which last year's revenue has exceeded the estimate are derived from the expenditure of the community on what are called luxuries, beer, wine and spirits, tobacco, petrol and motors, and the telephone,—a feminine luxury chiefly, for a great many women spend the morning in telephon-

ing trivialities to their friends. We are willing to believe that the estimates of revenue from these sources were genuinely under-estimated, because the consumption of liquors had been steadily declining for years, and even Mr. Lloyd George, feminist as he is, probably failed to measure the inexhaustible loquacity of women with wires in their mouths. The drink revenue has risen no less than £1,900,000 above anticipation, partly due to a

very hot and prolonged summer, and partly to booming trade. The prosperity of the country is certainly astounding: but it should be borne in mind that it is not confined to this country: indeed, it is impossible, in the nature of things, that a trade-boom can be confined to one country. Except in the case of war, when there is an abnormal production of the weapons, food, and clothing of the army and navy by the nation at war, all trade, being exchange, must be shared by all the civilized countries of the world. For the last three years there has been a wave of commercial prosperity running round the world. Such periods almost invariably are followed by the reaction, which is the consequence of the over-production into which traders are tempted by high prices. There are certainly no signs as yet that we have reached the top of the wave, from which we must descend into the trough of stagnation. On the contrary, those best qualified to know are predicting a coming boom in the shipping trade, as there is a shortage of keels. But two reflections the bursting opulence of Great Britain does suggest to the political philosopher, namely, that our prosperity depends on that of our neighbors, and that good trade has little or nothing to do with Governments and not mainly with tariffs. When we find nations, some with high tariffs, some with low tariffs, some with kings, some with presidents, all flourishing at the same time, we cannot help recalling the famous lines of Pope and Goldsmith about the unimportance in human affairs of laws and princes. Before parting from the subject of over-estimating and under-estimating in budgets, we must make this observation. Under Chancellors of the Exchequer like Gladstone, Goschen, Harcourt, and Hicks Beach, the nation could place absolute reliance upon

the estimates of the expert officials at Somerset House and the Treasury, and for this reason. An example of financial austerity was set by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Those who are old enough to remember the budgets of the statesmen we have named will recall the scrupulosity of statement and the fine edge of mathematical precision which characterized them. The eminent Civil servants who supplied the material were zealously accurate, because they knew that nothing less than accuracy would be tolerated by their chief, and that anything like manipulation of figures to support a political programme would be sternly rebuked. We have changed that under Mr. Lloyd George, whose advent to the Treasury inaugurated a reign of laxity, of exaggerations, of corrections, of fluctuations, of sensational budgeteering. Civil servants are quick to catch the tone of the Chancellor of the Exchequer: and though we do not say that the surplus is artificial—part of it is obviously genuine—we are obliged to say that we feel less confidence than we used to in the financial methods by which budgets are prepared.

It would be churlish to grudge Mr. Lloyd George his luck, especially as we all share in its results. Nor are we inclined to find fault with the use he makes of his surplus. The Chancellor of the Exchequer neither remits taxation nor reduces debt, but (in City parlance) carries forward his six and a half millions. It is true that Consols stand at 78½; and that the income-tax remains at 1s. 2d. in time of peace. But with the uncertainty as to Germany's shipbuilding intentions, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is perfectly justified in keeping his resources liquid, especially having regard to the present position of parties in the House of Commons. The refusal of the Government to embody a minimum rate of

wage in their Act has split the parliamentary Labor party, and consequently embittered the feeling of all the Labor members. Nobody knows what may happen in the various stages of the Home Rule Bill, except that at any moment the Tories might find themselves in the same lobby with the Labor members and the Nationalists. The position of the Government, in short, has suddenly become insecure: and both from a party and a national point of view, Mr. Lloyd George is entitled to keep his millions of cash in hand. Suppose, for instance, that he had applied it to reduction of debt, and that we had suddenly found ourselves confronted by an outburst of shipbuilding in Germany, or something worse in the shape of diplomatic complications. The Chancellor of the Exchequer would then be obliged to come to the House of Commons for large supplementary votes of supply. Does anyone doubt that the House of Commons in its present temper might refuse them? These are times in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer does well to put money in his purse, and keep it there.

The cleverest part of Mr. Lloyd George's speech was his defence of the growing national expenditure. He ascribed it to three items—the Navy, Old-age Pensions, and State Insurance, each one of which he said, truly enough, had been approved in principle by the Unionist party. Then why, he asked, tax me with extravagance or socialism for spending money on those objects? Nay, did not you even press me to spend more than I have done? All this was very adroit, and we admit that Unionists cannot disclaim their share of responsibility for the growth of expenditure, unless they say that old-age pensions and insurance should be wholly contributory, which would be impracticable. The one point on which the Opposition

might, but did not, fasten is the continuous increase of the Civil Service expenditure. State socialism, to be sure, requires an army of officials, and Mr. Lloyd George's surprise at finding himself accused of socialism is only comparable to Monsieur Jourdain's astonishment at learning that he had been all his life talking prose. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was less successful in his defence of his land taxes. He now tells us that he never expected these taxes to bring in any considerable amount of revenue, at all events for a good many years. Then for what purpose were they imposed? They were imposed at the same time that the scheme of old-age pensions was started, which we were told would cost £8,000,000 a year, but which already is beginning to cost £12,000,000 a year. It is the business of a Chancellor of the Exchequer to bring money into the public chest by means of taxes, and taxes which do not achieve that object stand condemned. The truth, of course, is that the land taxes were political, not financial, instruments; they were employed for the wicked purpose of exciting the passions of the masses against the owners of land, and also in the expectation that the House of Lords would reject them, and so supply the motive power for the passing of the Parliament Act. If we leave out the tax on mining royalties, which is merely the duplication of the income tax, these land taxes bring in, after deducting the cost of collection, about £100,000. For the coming year they are estimated to produce £700,000, and the cost of collection will be more than half that sum. Undeveloped land duty cannot be levied until the valuation is complete, and as it has taken two years to value one-fifth of the land in England, we see no reason to expect that the valuation of the other four-fifths will be completed in less than eight years. The duty on reversions

can only be levied when reversions fall in, and the greater part of the building leases in London have still twenty years to run. The duty on unearned increment, which is the Georgian cant for profits on the sale of land, cannot be expected to bring in much until the land has had time to increase in value, so says our astonishing Chancellor of the Exchequer, who appears to have budgeted in 1909, not for 1910, or 1911, or even 1912, but for 1920 or possibly 1925! This is certainly a very original method of providing for the immediate and pressing demands of old-age pensions and insurance. For

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who can tell what may happen between now and 1920? Who can predict what will be the value of land in England eight years hence? At the rate at which we have been travelling lately it is probable that by that date private ownership of land will be abolished, and the State will have stepped into the shoes of the execrated landlords. Will the State then pay the duties to itself? The land taxes are economically unsound, and nothing can make them either productive or just. Like all oppressive taxation directed against a class, they will discredit their authors.

FATE AND FORTUNE IN DANTE.

The following lines are a more or less literal rendering of a fragment of the "Inferno." Virgil, discoursing on the punishment of misers and prodigals, those who have misused earthly goods, says to Dante:—

See here, my son, for how short space
there blows

That wind the Lady Fortune doth
control,

For which the human race in turmoil
goes;

Here to buy rest in vain would be
the dole

Of all the gold that is beneath the
moon

Or ever was, to one tormented soul.
Master, said I, grant me this one more
boon;

Who is she, with the world's good
'neath her sway,

Tell me, this Lady whom thou call'st
Fortune?

Said he: O ignorant creatures of a
day!

How great the blindness that in you
offends!

Hear well and mark the true words
that I say.

That One whose might and wisdom all
transcends,

Made all the heavens, and gave them
each a guide

So that their light should shine to the
world's ends

In equal distribution far and wide,
To the vain goods that time lays waste
and spends

A minister and ruler hath supplied,
To change the things of earth from
hour to hour;

Of worldly good she rules the total
mass,

By fates beyond the reach of human
power;

She, hidden as a snake is in the
grass,

Bids one race wither, one break into
flower;

According to her sentence all things
pass.

Against her power avails no force of
thine,

She guides and governs by her secret
laws

Her kingdom like the other spirits di-
vine.

Her permutations know no truce nor
pause,

Her suitors coming in an endless line
Of this great swiftness are the need-
ful cause.

This is that Lady whom men chide and
blame,

Who to speak aught but praise of her
should fear,
And with loud voices spread her evil
fame.

But she serene and joyful doth not
hear,
She sits afar with each bright primal
flame

In their high blessedness and turns
her sphere." (Inf. vii. 63-97.)

This very interesting passage strikingly illustrates the medieval view of fate and chance and fortune, and is full of matter for curious speculation and comment. To the ancient world, the world of Greek tragedy, Fate, of course, existed *per se*; it was a force to which the gods themselves were subject. We have recently been reminded of the ancient view by the revival of the tragedy of *Œdipus*. But in the Christian teaching all things are subject only to the Divine Will. With one voice the fathers tell us that fate and chance and fortune are nothing else but the Will, the Power, and the Providence of Almighty God. But the medieval belief seems to have been that there were certain subordinate powers and forces which, by the Divine appointment, exercised a compelling influence over human life. What was free in man was the will, and in this principally consisted the Divine image in him. This power of the will was the great limitation placed on the belief in the irresistible influence of the stars. They ruled over the chances and changes of mortal things, over animals and plants, over the human body, but not over the human intelligence and the human will. However much the ancient fatalism impinged on the Christian doctrine, here was the point which robbed it of its power and broke its spell. In the sixteenth century Jerome Cardan was burned for asserting, among other heresies, that the life of Christ Himself was subject to the stars. One need be

no advocate of religious persecution to see that here was an attack upon a dogma which the Church was bound to defend by every means in her power. What means were considered right in the sixteenth century we know. In the thing attacked lay the freedom of the fated world. Fate and chance and fortune, then, were real powers, but powers created and appointed by God. They were powers, however, utterly irresistible, secret, recondite, against which there was no appeal. There were means of dealing with the devil, for instance, abundantly supplied to the children of the Church. The whole Middle Ages derided the "inefficient baffled spirit." On the other hand, the Kingdom of Heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force. The Divine Will was vanquished by the love and hope of sinful mortal men, as Dante himself tells us—

Regnum cœlorum violenza pate
Da caldo amore, e da viva speranza,
Che vince la divina volontate. (Par. xx.,
94-97.)

But of fortune, God's minister, he tells us in the passage quoted above:—

Vostro saver non ha contrasto a lei.

"Those causes which are called fortuitous," says St. Augustine, "we do not say to be non-existent, but rather consider them as hidden, and we ascribe them to the will either of the true God or of some spirits or other." Here, perhaps, is the origin of Dante's insistence on the hiddenness of the workings of Fortune. The commentators, by the way, say that the "prime creature" among whom Fortune sits so serenely are the angels. This appears to us doubtful, using the word "angel" in the ordinary Christian sense of the nine choirs. We are inclined to think that they are identical with the spirits whom in the same passage he calls "gli altri Del." These are certainly not the

"*Dei falsi e bugiardi*" of Paganism, but probably the intelligences which direct the movements of the heavens. The changes and chances of human life, then, proceed from these mysteriously hidden but actually existing causes, the good by God's benign appointment, the evil by His inscrutable permission.

The casting of lots, as by the Apostles after the death of Judas, might thus be looked upon as an invocation of this hidden minister of the Divine Will. After the Reformation there was a tendency to ascribe everything that could not be attributed immediately to God to diabolical agency. The reason why the Devil of Puritanism was so much more terrible than the medieval one was probably because he was invested with the old attributes of Fate. He seems, among other things, to have been supposed to rule over the whole realm of hazard and chance. Anyone, committing himself to chance fell at once under Satan's dominion. Hence the horror of games of cards or dice, apart, of course, from the everyday experience of the evils caused by gambling. It is, perhaps, an attempt at the explanation of those evils. It is, for instance, part of what one may call the folk-lore of Puritanism still current all over England that cards are "the devil's books." There are numberless stories of the good luck of novices at games of chance illustrating the proverb that "the Devil helps beginners." In Italy, even at the present day, the popular feeling is altogether different. The favorite numbers for lottery tickets, for instance, are thirty-three and sixty-three, the numbers of the years of Christ and the Madonna—the "*anni di Cristo*" and the "*anni della Madonna*." The idea, no doubt, is that Fortune, the joyful creature and minister of God, to whom all these things are committed, will reverently incline before her Maker and honor

those numbers which He has in any way associated with Himself.

In many places of the "*Divine Comedy*" Dante appears to distinguish between the Divine Will and its minister, Fate, and again between Fate and Fortune themselves. When the demons who kept the bridge in Malebolge rushed upon Virgil with fury and with tempest like a pack of dogs, he asks Malacoda whether he believes that he has come thither—

Senza voler divino e fato destro (Inf. xxi., 82),

without the Divine Will as the first cause and the subordinate fate as the favorable minister of his journey. Again, when the foot of Dante, in passing, strikes the face of one of the wretches embedded in the ice, he tells us that he does not know—

Se voler fu, o destino, o fortuna (In. xxxii., 76),

whether the cause of this was the Divine Will or its image in the free will of man, or the subordinate but fixed necessity of fate, or the apparently capricious changefulness of fortune. Once more, Brunetto Latini asks Dante:

Qual fortuna o destino
Anzi l'ultimo di quaggiù ti mena?

What destiny or fortune brings him there before the Last Day? Sometimes the determination of the Divine Will is called "fate," as where Beatrice says that if Lethe were passed without tears—

Alto fato di Dio sarebbe rotto (Purg. xxx., 142),

a high decree of God would be broken.

Upon these hidden forces depend lucky and unlucky days for doing things. In medieval calendars the unlucky days in the year were marked sometimes to the number of forty-four. The unlucky days of the week, by the

way, in Italy are still Tuesday and Friday.

Di Venere e di Marte
Non si sposa e non si parte.

Fatalism is probably the instinctive belief of the people everywhere, as is shown by our own popular proverb, so often repeated by the poor, that "if you are born to be hanged you will never be drowned." The medieval variations on this theme in the form of stories are, of course, endless. For good or evil fortune it is one of the leading motives of fairy tales. One has only to consider, for instance, the story of Judas, as told in the "Golden Legend," to see how large an element of fatalism entered into the Christian legend of the Middle Ages. For Dante, amid all this play of occult and mysterious forces, in the fact of free will lay the salvation of man. We will conclude by attempting to render another passage in which this is clearly set out. Dante asks of Marco Lombardo the reason why the world is deserted by all virtue, and pregnant and covered with malice, saying that some place the reason of this in the heavens and some in the earth itself.

A low, deep sigh which anguish wrung
from him,

He first put forth and: Brother, he
began,

The Nation.

Thou comest from the world where
lights are dim;

You dream there that the movement
of the spheres

Moves with it all things, so that must
be still

All good or evil brought forth by the
years.

If this be so, no more your will is free,
And to have joy for good and pain
for sin,

No more of justice is the high decree.
The moving spheres your movements
all begin.

Not all, I say, but even if all, I say,
For good or evil you have light
within,

And your freewill, if joyfully it wars
In its first conflicts, and by grace is
fed,

Vanquishes every force of hostile stars,
For you lie free beneath the Power
that made

The mind in you untrammelled by
fate's bars,

That Love and Power on which the
world is staged

(Purg. xvi., 64 *et seq.*)

Dante and all medieval Christians, accepted man's limitation and recognized the inscrutable; but they believed that all powers and forces, however inexplicable and mysterious, were moved by the wisdom that reaches from one end of heaven to the other and mightily and sweetly ordereth all things.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Two more volumes have been added to the charming "Tudor" edition of Shakespeare, published by the Macmillan Company. They are "The Comedy of Errors" edited by Frederick Morgan Padelford, professor of the English language and literature in the University of Washington; and "The Life and Death of King John" edited by Henry M. Belden, professor of English in the University of Missouri. The editor, in each case, furnishes an introduction,

notes, a list of textual variants and a glossary.

The Mountain Girl, by Payne Erskine, is a tale of life in the southern mountains, with the usual characters—a half sick doctor who falls in love with a beautiful, but perfectly ignorant mountain girl, her worthless brother, and the various country types. After the marriage of the doctor and the mountain girl, the man falls heir to a

title and property in England. He goes home to claim them and quite unaccountably and unjustifiably stays on in England with his mother and sister, telling them nothing of his marriage. His wife, with her baby, comes to England to find him while he is away in South Africa on a business trip. Her disillusion, return, and the final happy finish follow rapidly. The persons in the story are mere shapes, but the tale moves with vigor and the local color is interesting. Little, Brown & Co.

All who are interested in the trend of American legislation, especially with reference to labor, business, and governmental functions will find material for study and reflection in "The Wisconsin Idea" (The Macmillan Co.). The author, Charles McCarty, is chief of the Wisconsin legislative reference department; and he seems to have written this exposition of recent Wisconsin legislation almost in self-defence against the numerous inquirers who have turned to him for information regarding one or another of the measures with which Wisconsin for some years has been blazing the way for progressive legislation. Mr. McCarty writes of these laws with pardonable enthusiasm and explains their provisions with considerable detail. A topical index facilitates reference. Mr. Roosevelt contributes an appreciative introduction.

The Macmillan Company has taken over from another publishing house three volumes by George Edward Woodberry, first published in 1905 and 1907, and has reissued them in uniform binding. They are all upon literary themes: "Algernon Charles Swinburne" is a critical study of Swinburne's poems, with many illustrative selections; "Great Writers" is a group of six essays, biographical and critical, upon Cervantes, Scott, Milton, Vir-

gil, Montaigne and Shakespeare; and "The Torch" is a series of eight essays, delivered as lectures before the Lowell Institute some years ago, upon race power in literature. The separate subjects are "Man and the Race" "The Language of all the World," "The Titan Myth," in two parts, "Spenser," "Milton," "Wordsworth" and "Shelley." To these essays, as to his other work in prose and verse, Mr. Woodberry has brought a discriminating taste, a just appreciation and rare gifts of style.

From the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company comes the usual spring budget of books for young readers. Most noteworthy in the group is Warren L. Eldred's "Classroom and Campus," the third volume of the "St. Dunstan Series"—a stirring, wholesome story of schoolboy life, true to high ideals without being "goody-goody," full of incident and full of fun. Another good boys' book, especially adapted to those who like Indian stories, is "On the Trail of the Sioux," a story based on the almost forgotten Sioux outbreak in Minnesota in 1862. The author, D. Lange, is familiar with the scene of the outbreak and has gathered some of his incidents directly from those who helped to suppress it. "The Children in the Little Old Red House" opens a new series of stories by a writer who long ago won the hearts of young readers,—Amanda M. Douglas. It is simply and brightly told, and the eight children who figure in it well deserve whatever good fortune comes to them. Edward Stratemeyer adds an eighth volume to his "Dave Porter Series" in a story of "Dave Porter on Cave Island"; and to Amy Brooks's "Prue Books" for very small readers is added a fifth volume "Prue's Little Friends." All of the books are illustrated.

Yoshio Markino's "Miss John Bull" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is the American edition of a series of sketches published

in England, first in "The English Review" and afterward in a volume under the title "My Idealed John Bullesses." The author is a Japanese artist, for a number of years resident in London and sharing to the full both the hardships and the gaieties of the great metropolis. He has cherished from the first a high appreciation of English women, whom he has "idealed,"—to quote the quaint English of his original title; but he has also a keen perception of their foibles, and a good deal of skill in depicting them, both with pen and pencil. It is difficult to say which is the more diverting in this book,—the intended or the unconscious humor. Mr. Markino has not mastered all the intricacies of the English speech; and, very wisely, he has been left to express himself in his own way, without any editing or blue-penciling. So it comes to pass that, opening at almost any page, one comes upon bits like this:

The dining-room was filled up with pretty John Bullesses. They could be noisy when they felt homely. I had to shout out my top voice at the table for the whole hour! It was as difficult to converse with my friends as in the tube train. And the trouble was that when I had to open the debate I had lost all my voice.

The pictures, both those in pen-and-ink and those in color are very clever. No entanglements of speech afflict Mr. Markino as an artist.

It is perhaps only a coincidence, but an interesting one, that Maurice Baring's "The Russian People" should appear almost simultaneously with Sir Edwin Pears's "Turkey and Its People" and from the same press, that of the George H. Doran Company. Both writers have had unusual opportunities

of becoming familiar with the countries and peoples described: Sir Edwin Pears from his experience in the consular courts at Constantinople and as a correspondent of a London newspaper during the Moslem atrocities in Bulgaria, and Mr. Baring from his connection with the British diplomatic service and his observations as a newspaper correspondent in Russia. Of Sir Edwin Pears's thoroughly up-to-date and extremely interesting description of the forces at work in modern Turkey some mention was made in these pages last week. Of Mr. Baring's account of the Russian people the most distinguishing characteristic is the intimate and sympathetic view which it gives of the traits, customs and condition of the masses of the people. Mr. Baring presents an outline of Russian history from the earliest date to the present, but he is less concerned with separate incidents than with the study of the people and the institutions of the country. In what he writes of the warm-heartedness of the Russian people, and in his estimate of the power of public opinion his view is different from that of more superficial observers, to whom the typical Russian has seemed rather a stolid person and the expression of public opinion so restrained as to count for little; but Mr. Baring has the advantage of writing from a full and fresh knowledge, and his view is as hopeful as it is sympathetic. He has a good sense of proportion and a graphic style. His book and that of Sir Edwin Pears are both very valuable and timely studies of countries in which,—more than in any others in Europe—old institutions are in the melting-pot and new popular aspirations and ideals are advancing toward fulfilment.